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MAIL BAG

'Oil and gas reserves off Nova Scotia and Newfoundland belong to all Canadians'



MOTHERS FOR HIRE

HAVING A BABY for a stranger in a distant land for a mere \$400 may be lured as the "ultimate in cheap labour," but in absolute reality it is also an ultimate act of courage ("Strains for mom," *Society*, July 2). It takes the material desires of infertile or otherwise incapable women to enjoy the bliss of motherhood and a flunk of their own: Who's so wrong with that? This is not condonable by any stretch of the imagination. Let the process be systematically formalized and legislated for all the children families to cherish the fruits of parent hood, which is otherwise forbidden to them. "Outsourcing pregnancy" is the distant answer for the millions of aspiring parents denied the joys of parenthood on account of either medical or physical shortcomings. Let the right of procreating and providing the children with a stable of their own be a dignified, safe and legally secure given.

Ann Selley, Winnipeg

WE ARE A SELFISH SOCIETY, and there will be backlash. Not once do I see mention of the rights of children born in a technological age! It is all about the rights of parents and the poor in India. It is just enough to hear a child's cry in any amount of overpopulation. There will be a backlash for us in that we will be a society of confused families. The baby does not just become a person on the day it is born—it is developing from the time inside that surrogate and has to the day of birth so whether the baby is handed to the new parents. We do not know if the surrogate mother can be used for the child to some in years following change of parents. If we're doing international work then we need to offer international protection for children above all, from age zero.

Brenda Berry, Victoria

OH DANNY BOY

PREMIER DANNY MANN is adept at playing the obsequious victim card, whining about the infamous Prince Michael, but he knows that it is beyond question that the oil and gas reserves off Newfoundland and Nova Scotia should legally belong to the people of Canada and not to individual provinces, and that all Canadians should share the benefits (*Inner view*, July 1). It's not surprising that Mr. Mann apparently found no fault with Mr.

Martin's disingenuous election play in signing the accord. Harper was wrong to have voted his support to the modest but open campaign, but he at least has had the good sense to recognize his mistake.

Louise Quigley, Keweenaw, N.B.

IT WISH (UN)WISDOM to read the conversation between Danny Williams and Robt Wilson and his surrounding parties. Newfoundland is lucky to have such a strong, wise statesman. Dr. Wilson's pay heed to his challenges in a positive way.

Olga Walker, St. John's, N.C.



GREEN DIESEL

INSUPPRESSED diesel-powered cars, I would like to emphasize that they have not lost their small, neat and sluggish performance ("Diesel cars: greener on the road?" *Auto*, July 2). They offer good fuel efficiency and compared to hybrids, are not picking around extra electric masses as heavy but very quick. And battery packs are a major flaw of hybrids that your article missed. What will be the environmental impact when large numbers of these batteries make the end of their lifespan? Probably horrendous.

Ali Shattari, Keweenaw, N.C.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TAMIFLU

I AM VERY CONCERNED about misleading information in "How complete tamiflu guide to better medical care" (*Health*, June 18). The section entitled "A diet designed for your genes" made reference to Tamiflu, instead

of the fact that 754 Canadians had become ill after taking the medication, 30 had died. "In fact, Health Canada has clearly stated that a causal relationship has not been confirmed in these cases."

"What no causal relationship can be established between Tamiflu and these reports of adverse events, and with the understanding that no reproductive events can occur as a result of influenza pandemic in the absence of the drug, Roche believes it is beneficial to provide this information to the health care community. As such, Roche Canada worked with Health Canada to revise the Canadian Tamiflu product monograph to ensure the product label accurately reflects adverse event reporting, to medical professionals, as well as parents and guardians, can clearly monitor the patients for any adverse event."

Tamiflu was demonstrated in clinical trials to be a safe and effective medication for influenza prevention and treatment and has been used by more than 100 million people in over 100 countries worldwide since 1999.

The well-being of patients and the safe and effective use of our medications is an unwavering priority for Roche. As with all of our medications, Roche continues to monitor the safety of Tamiflu through established reporting mechanisms and notify regulatory authorities of any adverse events, which is in line with regulatory requirements.

Rosanne Miller, President and Chief Executive Officer, Hoffmann-La Roche Ltd., Mississauga, Ont.

TAME TATTOOS

I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE a tattoo even over my dead body ("Good bad getting an approval," *Business*, July 2). Still, a small tattoo or face piercing (for example, a diamond nose pin) on others is acceptable. But for someone tattooing as on the body of Adam Sky, or the nose and lip piercing of some people, I say all human beings have the right to live to maintain their bodies—but that's not for me!

Lochen Baskin, Edmonton

PALESTINIAN CONFLICT

MICHAEL PETERSON does a good job of summarizing the current situation in the Palestinian occupied territories, but he's not been on the facts in his history of the region ("Palestine's death spiral," *World*, July 2).



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MAIL BO

'You cannot attack a state and expect to get territory back once you lose the war you began. This logic doesn't make sense. It rewards the loser.'



ISRAEL HAS as much legitimacy as a Jewish state as any of the Arab states,' says a resident.

Jews have lived continuously in that region for 3,700 years. Since the 18th century, the Jews were the majority of the population in Jerusalem. In fact, Israel has as much legitimacy as a Jewish state as any of the still cally coastal Arab states such as Jordan, Syria, Lebanon and Iraq, which were formed after the fall of the Ottoman Empire. There seems to be no mention of the 500,000 Jewish refugees who were forced out of Arab occupied lands following the creation of Israel. When talking about "occupiers" and "refugees" in the Middle East, it helps to get the facts straight.

Steven Davis, Toronto

THE UN PARTITION IN 1948 gave Jews sovereignty over areas of Israel that were Jewish, such as Tel Aviv. Those Jews who emigrated to Israel prior to its modern creation did so into Jewish areas owned legally by Jews who purchased the land from Arab owners. Those Arabs who fled or were forcibly driven from their homes did so because the armies of Syria, Jordan, Egypt and Lebanon attacked the newly created Jewish state in an effort to destroy it. Arabs left after being told by their superpowers that they could not remain once Israel was destroyed. Well, the Arabs lost the war and a lot of territory. You cannot attack a state and expect to get territory back once you lose the war you began. This logic does not make any sense because it rewards the loser. Also note that Israel has approximately 1.5 million Israeli Arabs. Where did they come from? These were the people who stayed in Israel and did not get forcibly

removed from their homes. They are full citizens of Israel and get the social benefits and government services states, although, are completely proportional. Lastly, I think it should be stated that a Palestinian is someone from the region of Palestine, who is actually a Jordanian.

Mark Rosas, St. Louis

CLARIFICATION

Wolfgang La Roche does have a pasteurization program but does not provide cancer drugs for free or as compensation generally. Incorrect information appeared in an article in our June 11 issue.

IN PASSING

W. H. HART, 85, actor. Canada and one of the greatest actors of the 20th century, he spent 35 seasons at the Stratford Festival, including its inaugural 1953 season. As recently as 2005 he appeared there in the delectable role of Prospero in *The Tempest*. He is also remembered for playing Sir John A. Macdonald in the 1976 TV series *The National Dream*.

Est Claiborne, 78, fashion designer. Starting in 1956 with a US\$150,000 investment, she built a global brand that caters to celebrities on fashion for long working women. Her ubiquitous clothes are a fusion of sportswear and smart working clothes. By the time she retired in 1989, she had built a US\$1 billion empire.

READ MARK STEYN

DAILY FROM THE CONRAD BLACK TRIAL AT MACLEANS.CA



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ROGERS
You want it, we'll get it.



O Canada, our ho... wait, how does that go again?



SCOTT
FESCHUK

When political leaders make their case to the electorate, they work from certain assumptions. One of these assumptions is that the electorate knows who the hell their political leaders are. After all, there's not much value in Jack Layton giving a turn of phrase at a speech if the audience is going to walk away murmuring complimentary words about the skillful oratory of Biddy McWhir's-His Name.

But a survey has found that 18 per cent of adults in our country—in excess of four million individuals—do not know the name of Canada's prime minister.

Before going any further, permit me one paragraph to directly address these four million Canadians. Ladies and gentlemen, grab yourselves a pen—it's a long, ink-filled instrument that comes to a point—for I have some crucial information to pass along. My name is Scott Feschuk, and I am your prime minister. Go ahead—reverse me! By the way, the British North America Act indicates it's your turn to come over and acknowledge my laws.

The survey, conducted for the Dominion Institute, also found that only 56 per cent of Canadians know the first two lines of O Canada, and only 58 per cent can name all four parties represented in the House of Commons. Clearly, as a nation we are suffering from a neurological condition known as "being hoarse stupid." How bad is it? If Canada were to initiate a prime ministerial referendum par with Merv to the Chief, it would benefit from some helpful lines: "Who was the PM? / His name is Stephen Harper / That's Stephen with a JH? / And Harper H A R P E R?"

Do this puzzle, while we may not be book smart, or well-read, or actually know anything about government, it's still entirely possible that we are smart enough. Unless you expect us to remember the name of the secret, in which case, no, we're not.

(Further proof of our national not-so-smarts: on the same day the Dominion Institute announced its findings, Coast Light released its first batch of Cold-Crafted cans—which feature "temperature-sensitive thermal chromatic ink technology" that changes the colour of the can when the contents are "too cold and ready to enjoy.") My fellow Canadians, it has come to this: we no longer possess even the rudimentary intelligence required to discern when

specious gets warped. You begin to discern things like over-cold-as-small-creatures during Question Period, and detect charmers in Peter MacKay. Or an individual tells you to aware that most Canadians don't follow politics closely, don't have a vote, so please, don't read the policy documents—but you convince yourself that the really important information somehow filters down to them. But it doesn't. It's not the filter in the Liberal campaign so it's not David Martin. It's again done

the premise that after 16 years people had, you know, heard of him.

If only 56 per cent of Canadians knew Stephen Harper's name, how many know what he believes in? If not even two in five Canadians can name the four parties, how many know what the parties advocate? To an extent that now defies belief by its disingenuousness, simple may be the only thing that sells.

During the last campaign, most every associate said the Liberal plan to reduce income taxes was preferable to the Conservative plan to cut the GST, since both were advocates supported Paul Martin's system of affordable care and early learning over Harper's pledge of \$300 per

If the anthem was as catchy as Don't Stop Believin' then we could remember the words

we been it could. Next up: Timbaland stamped with the words Crum Into Mouth.)

One lack of knowledge about everything has prompted the Institute's co-founder to conclude that Canada is in "the grips of a civilizational crisis." This may be a tad alarmist. After all, there is an easy way to reverse these dismal results and restore our faith in the knowledge of the Canadian electorate—we just need to make the survey much, much easier. For instance, why is it so important to identify the current prime minister? Why can't we just ask folks to give the name of any prime minister (pretentiously Canadian, but let's not be snobbish)? Or, better yet, just ask about the name of someone they know who owns a suit? As for the national anthem thing, change it to Don't Stop Believin' and watch those westerner numbers swell. You're welcome.

The healing power of journey ends, there are real implications here for the political parties. When you work in politics, your per-

month period. But throughout the campaign the Conservative position on the issue was simple to communicate and easy to understand and remember: One per cent off the GST. One hundred bucks. We're taking the gaps.

Dashed down electioneering. There'll still be a place for old-fashioned rhetoric—but in the age of civic literacy, if you're going to redo JFK, you'll need to fill in some of the blanks: ask not what your country, Canada, a constitutional monarchy, can do for you, the person wearing your clothes who you see in the mirror every morning ask what you (the person who you are, possibly named Dave or Sally—these are just examples) can do for your country, by which I mean the aforementioned Canada, a federation comprising 10 provinces and... H

ON THE WEB: For Scott Feschuk's take on the news of the day, visit his blog www.madness.ca/Youthful

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Support the troops but not the war? Sheer hypocrisy.



ANDREW POTTER

I don't know any doctors who have gotten parking tickets but whose vehicles support the meter maid. I have friends who are vegetarians, but I've never heard one of them declare their support for the butcher. And

as nobody enjoys paying taxes, I doubt there is a single Canadian willing to put a "support the troops" sticker on the back of their car. So who are we to make, then, of the fact that even those most vocally opposed to the war in Afghanistan feel obliged to declare their undiluted support for the troops?

The question came to a head a few weeks ago, after Toronto's city council voted to remove the "Support Our Troops" decals from the city's fire trucks and ambulances. Proving once again that nothing unites the country like hatred for Toronto, the decision was met with catcalls and demands a more apter use of power. It didn't help that the decision was taken the same week that three new Canadian soldiers were killed in Afghanistan, but it gave Mayor David Miller a handy excuse to lead a new vote that reversed the original decision.

Because of course Toronto supports the troops. The war in Afghanistan, maybe not so much, but everyone supports the troops. Or do they? Does it make any sense to support the troops and not the mission itself?

It is easy to support the troops if you support the mission. Psychology 101 teaches that if you declare an end, you must also will the means to achieving that end. You want a boss, and the boss is us, the fridge. You must therefore be willing to walk over to the fridge to get the beef if not, you don't really desire a beef—or at least, not as much as you do in going on the couch. As with getting down with military campaigns, you desire the success of NATO's International Security Assistance Force in Afghanistan. The success of ISAF requires, unfortunately, killing a large

number of Taliban enemy men. Hence, you must support the troops in their fight against the Taliban.

But it isn't as clear how one is to support the troops without also supporting the mission. What would you support them in not doing? What if our dying requests killing—the we support them in that? If so, how is that distinct from supporting the mission itself?

So let us ask once again: what does it mean to support the troops? One of the more common complaints about George W. Bush's handling of the war on terror is the apparent discrepancy between the chest-beating he makes before and what he is actually doing in Afghanistan. America supposedly led in an intervention with

the mission, knowing that we have not set our hearts on success, the government has not committed anything close to the money, troops, and material that would be required if we were actually trying to win the war. Instead, we are treating it as a "half-hearted but dutiful involvement in a disaster."

But Canada is at war, and is not, if you aren't fighting to win then you are fighting to lose. If we are just wanting what we can quietly withdraw in 2009, we are not doing anyone any favours, as the Afghan people, who will be left to a warring Taliban, and not the Canadian troops, who will spend the next two years leading a certain failure. As for the troops, we can expect another three or four decades to die and hundreds of others



Would you complain about taxes, yet put a 'support the taxman' sticker on your car?

a global enemy, but make front-line travel become more of a hassle, it is a business as usual in the U.S. or A.F. Both has asked for no sacrifice, there is no rationing, no leaving of warheads, and certainly no draft. In a remark for which he has been deservedly criticized, the President said nothing more of the American people than that they keep shopping.

It isn't any different here. The goal of the mission in Afghanistan is to support the Afghan government as it expands its authority to the rest of the country. Part of that involves the non-sounding "reconstruction," but as Canadian soldiers have learned over the past four years, it also involves killing and, sadly and far too frequently, being killed.

In the most recent issue of *Policy Options*, the military historian Desmond Morton takes stock of the Canadian mission, evaluating the conditions for success and the consequences of failure. One of the problems, he claims, is that Canadian soldiers really believed

in what was sold before being themselves home for good, in a long cause.

There are only two intellectually and morally honest ways of supporting the troops. One is to put the full economic and political power of the state behind the war effort in order to achieve victory as quickly and with as few casualties as possible. The other is to demand that the government bring them home, now.

Every country relies on pretty hypocrites as political life, to minimize division and make common factors to at least try to work together. The "support the troops" movement is one of those anti-war faction pretences to support the troops, and there also exists the mission pretzel to believe it. Given the full mission that isn't, it isn't clear the soldiers should appreciate the gesture. ■

ON THE WEB: For more Andrew Potter, visit his blog at www.macleans.ca/ed/potter/andrew

The irritation of a move is upon us, well, me



BARBARA AMIEL

My Chicago schedule did not include moving, but when the hell, by my count, excluding move-outs during college years, I've moved home 42 times. That includes changing countries six times. When the hell at which we are staying mentioned that our lease was up—no had not accepted rental to stay much into July—the irritation of a move was upon us, that is to say, upon me, because time and money are mutually exclusive. Practically, the person's announcement that they were leaving trouble coming to a violent conclusion with peak inconvenience as I found standard aside boxes

Four months' accumulation of books, magazines, legal papers, half finished jar of marinade, frying pans, vitamins, rolls of Scotch tape and boxes of staples, hand-made and Woolies and bottles of distilled water for the gym and steamer. Four months of half-life. We arrived in new home. Last weekend's temperature was in the high 90s and the man made beach to the west was largest water purification plant in Lake Michigan was covered with a greenish growth from algal forest in the distance. Everywhere the evidence of life passing me by.

From the windows flying over I can see another 25 floors that have been added to the shiny glass skyscraper on East Chestnut Street since we arrived. The cranes on East Chicago Street have just about topped off a brand new building. I purchased half a dozen lawn bowls to put all our odds and ends in and then another half dozen and now we move. For the past three days I've sat on the floor hoping that my magnetic qualities would draw out existing furniture pieces and reading glasses from under the furniture where they are hiding in order to escape the move.

Four months is not so very long but, as all things, it depends. The NBC reporter just released from Gaza after four months in cap-

tivity must have found a conflict. Most weeks, it seems, apart from the 300-day siege of Laramie, have a lifespan around four months. The 12th century siege of London that expelled the Moors and re-established Christianity was four months. Napoleon's battle in 1840-41 was 100 days. The 1870-71 siege of Paris by the Prussians brutally depended in 20th's Le Delidde was a week over four months. For age part, I'm slightly ashamed of not doing more in our own four-month legal siege.

Delicious notes: A Christmas Carol in six weeks. Taken at its word, the 16th century Spanish playwright Lope de Vega would have written 100 plays in four months, though his more conservative biographers, Peter de Mon-

calder, calculate that as a writer a night. The drama, Italian words, have only written a sequel to his masterpiece *La Fiera* in four months. He wrote from midnight to noon and saw every moment expended on other matters as writing was sacrificed. According to his biographer, Graham Smith, Balzac informed the younger Alexandre Dumas that "a night of love" was "half a lifetime," adding that any way "no woman alive is worth two volumes a year." He has a point. I don't have to look much further than our living room. My his-

son in the ground they can find.

My move-in they need to fall on the heels of a change in economic measures and/or law, though earlier they saw the consequence of personal decisions. In child world there is always a sense of emergency in a new home. After emigrating from the U.K., we moved to an Ontario low-income housing estate. Our moving arrangements were on the primitive side: belongings hauled on a wagon and pulled from Hazelton's Tragara Road up to Kaurville Place. There sat the newly built house, a mirror to my eyes and pointed eggshells white. After being damaged London I had not seen anything quite so pristine—not a crack, window frames like list in window street and window, a hole with outcropped arms among trees.



It makes its nest entirely out of its own hardened saliva. I'm not yet that make-do.

hard work on yet another book, I have written his newly published biography of Richard Nixon, while fighting leprosy of the US Congress, regular strategy sessions and the US government in a constant battle that should never have gone beyond the boardroom in slow a civil case but he ended up as in much done these days—as a dispute crystallized. One his other four months—and lower circles of love—and he'll have two dozen manuscripts.

My attention seems rather more focused on immaterials. When you've moved as much as I have there are certain set procedures I'm a sister, which means wherever I go I build a familiar structure. First, of course, can build their own notebook and out of almost anything. Takeholders, according to what I've read, use towels together, and the subtle nest writhes makes its nest entirely out of stolen handkerchiefs. I have not yet reached that level of us-up-and-must do. My approach is more akin to those birds that use of license in necessity use any debris

found in an unfurnished basement. On the kitchen table, a ruler placed on monthly payments played by friends' helping out. "Use the pyramids along the Nile" so our family's working breakfast in the off-hours. Kitchen just beyond the old Creek in Hamilton's nest end. For the rest of my life I hope to require more than with white walls and marble.

Second issue of former homes is a room more than an art and almost always a painful bedroom in which we once dreamed a view from a window evoking youthful longings. The music, I suppose, people scream from their rooms in new locations. Howl moments don't really count unless you are moving more than houses perhaps your hopes, and the only—temporarily—secure upon your corner. Still, it's a new move with walls as white and black as when I remember, why to enter and say to leave. Nostrils. No states. A lot is said, perhaps, but absolutely everything to go. ■

barbara.amiel@macleans.ca



ENJOYING SOME WHITE NOISE

White Stripes frontmen Jack White and his "husband" drummer Meg White promoted their new album, *Rock On!*, by visiting every Canadian province and territory. Their makeshift appearances, announced on short notice, won them new fans everywhere.

- 1 Meg and Jack visit Iceland.
- 2 The White Stripes were led in by members of Pipes and Drums of the Black Watch before an impromptu concert at the Harlequin armory.
- 3 A surprise gig on a bridge in downtown Winnipeg.
- 4 Eighty children, ages 6 to 12, at a YMCA summer day camp in downtown Toronto get up close and personal with the famous duo.
- 5 At the Cleveland Youth Centre in Burnaby, B.C.
- 6 Three hundred people got a half-hour title-song show in Anna Del Norte of London, 91 Anna Road, 1995.
- 7 Celebrate 1991 in Saskatoon: the site of a live-song set for 100 fans.
- 8 The big show: 10,000 fans attend the White Stripes concert at Toronto's Molson Amphitheatre.





"There are women who said, 'Have I compromised my own survival because I didn't have the mastectomy Belinda had?'"

DR. EILEEN RAKOVITCH TALKS TO ANNE KINGSTON ABOUT THE MISUNDERSTOOD CANCER AND THE EFFECTS OF STRONACH'S DIAGNOSIS

Dr. Eileen Rakovitch is a breast cancer specialist and assistant with University Health Sciences Centre, University of Toronto. She is one of the country's leading authorities on DCIS.

Q Media coverage of Belinda Stronach's diagnosis of DCIS raised awareness and confusion about the disease. What is DCIS?

A DCIS stands for ductal carcinoma in situ, it is a disease of the breast where there are some cancer cells but they're confined within the walls of the duct. The breast is composed of ducts, and these cells have not spread outside the duct to other parts of the breast and they have not spread to the lymph nodes. That's in distinction to invasive cancer. And because these cells have not yet developed the ability to spread, DCIS is highly curable.

Q Unlike invasive DCIS is contained, it is not as fast like the invasive?

A No.
Q It's not defined as a cancer.
A DCIS should be thought of as a non-invasive breast cancer; it has the potential to become an invasive cancer but it's not easy to tell.

Q What are the odds of that happening?
A That partly depends on the treatment and on certain risk factors, but we know that for women who have DCIS, there's overall chance of dying of the disease is very low—less than two per cent at 10 years. About five

to 10 per cent of women with DCIS may develop an invasive cancer.

Q Do we know which women are at greater risk?

A A higher-grade DCIS may have a higher chance of developing a recurrence or an invasive cancer but that has not been consistently shown. The extent of disease and the size of the DCIS is known as a risk factor for recurrence of DCIS.

Q Is there discussion about whether DCIS should now be called cancer?

A Yes. One of the challenges is to realize that while women are at higher risk of getting an invasive breast cancer as we could recommend more aggressive treatment to these women, and we could say to the majority of women with DCIS, "Your chances of getting an invasive breast cancer are below you just haven't developed the ability to spread, so you're not yet cancer." It's not a simple question.

Q Your own research reflects the confusion. One study you conducted found many women diagnosed with DCIS never as if they have an invasive cancer.

A Yes. We asked, "What do you think the likelihood is that you will die of breast cancer?" and almost a third of women thought they were very likely to die of breast cancer, the responses were similar to women who had invasive breast cancer. We asked about the psychological impact—difficulty sleeping, anxiety, depression—and the responses were similar to the same between women diagnosed with DCIS and women with early

invasive breast cancer.

Q It's confusing because treatment for DCIS and treatment for invasive cancer are very similar. Both are treated with surgery.

Most women with DCIS will have a very confined disease that can be completely cured with a lumpectomy, and they can have additional treatment, keep their breast, and do very well. But sometimes the disease will involve the majority of the breast, so the best treatment for those women is a mastectomy. The point of breast conserving treatment is to be left with a good cosmetic result, and if you're going to remove 90 per cent of breast tissue you're better off removing it all and having reconstruction. Obviously a woman will choose a mastectomy because it gives her peace of mind. They should have the right to choose that, but that doesn't mean it's better treatment and it shouldn't make the other women who choose to keep their breast feel they're compromising their own outcomes.

They're equivalent. A lumpectomy and radiation is equivalent to mastectomy—equivalent survival, equivalent outcome—but most women don't choose to have a mastectomy if they don't need to. But a few women will choose a mastectomy. And the remaining point—controversial to that—for women who have to have a mastectomy is to say, "The chances of recurrence are very low, they're about one per cent at 10 years in that breast. And you don't need radiation. So similar in treatment, and the fact that both are often

called breast cancer, lead women with DCIS to believe they have invasive breast cancer. In my practice, I will spend more time with a woman with DCIS than the average woman with an early-stage invasive breast cancer because there is a whole element of educating the women with DCIS. Whereas women are very well-informed about what early-stage breast cancer is. Women with DCIS need to understand that the goal of treatment for them is to help lower their chances of actually getting an invasive cancer. It's a prevention treatment.

Q What role does mammography screening play in identifying DCIS?

A Before mammographic screening was taken up in the early '80s, DCIS represented less than five per cent of all breast cancers. Now DCIS represents about 20 per cent of all newly diagnosed breast cancers.

Most women who have mammographic screening are 50 and older and the average size of most mammographically detected DCIS is not concerning. When DCIS is picked up in younger women isn't routinely undergoing screening, then it's often because they're presenting with symptoms—a lump or, less commonly, bleeding from the breast. Mammographic screening is very important and the fact that we are detecting more DCIS is a testament to that. On the other hand, many women without DCIS will never develop into an invasive cancer, and there lies the potential to be over treating women who would never have otherwise developed invasive cancer.

Q The notion of over treating a potential cancer will strike many as odd. What is our mission?

A Over treatment refers to the unnecessary use of treatments that may have significant side effects, so unnecessary use of mastectomy, or unnecessary use, potentially, of radiation. Also, because we know the risk of spreading to the lymph nodes is low in most women, women should not be having an axillary dissection of the lymph nodes and the same because having that has some downsides—it can cause swelling of the arm, it limits mobility. And yet we've seen that women in Ontario continue to have to do this. When we've also found in that about a third of women with DCIS still continue to receive a mastectomy, and it raises the question as to whether these women are receiving unnecessary mastectomies.

Q Are you concerned that Belinda Stronach having a mastectomy will link the treatment of DCIS with mastectomy or lead women to think that's their preferred treatment?

A Without knowing the specifics of Belinda

Stronach's anatomy, mastectomies are recommended in cases where the DCIS is very extensive such that removing all of the disease would not leave them with a good cosmetic result. If someone with DCIS having most of the breast is not completely removed, there's a very high risk of recurrence even with radiation. I don't know whether the choice to or was recommended, but most women do not need to have it. There is no survival advantage to having a mastectomy if the disease is contained within one portion of the breast, if it can be removed with a lumpectomy, and if she has radiation treatment afterwards.

Q If you had a DCIS patient with a small DCIS who wanted a mastectomy would you advise against it?

A I think the most important aspect for a woman and her physician is that the woman make an informed decision. All women with DCIS should have the opportunity to see both a surgeon and a radiation oncologist. Multidisciplinary care is very important for all aspects of cancer care but certainly for DCIS.

Q Is there much debate over how DCIS is treated?

A There's a lot of debate about whether women who've had a lumpectomy require radiation treatment.

Q Why would you have radiation?

A Because radiation has a small chance of having side effects, and as because women with DCIS have a curable disease and excellent survival it is more to avoid radiation treatment. There's also the point of view that because DCIS is not an invasive cancer it should be treated with a wide local excision and then a radiation treatment should be avoided, particularly for women who may have a lower risk disease.

Q Hat all of the publicity surrounding Stronach affected your patients?

A My patients have had two things. When it was questioned that women with DCIS should be managed that they have to have disease, then the women with invasive disease say, "Well, I should really worry then." And then there are the women with DCIS who said, "I didn't choose a mastectomy, everyone told me it was fine to have a lumpectomy and radiation, that's equivalent." So there are women who said, "I have comprehended my own survival because I didn't have the mastectomy that Belinda had."

Q There's talk neither mastectomy or lumpectomy screening should start at age 40. What is your opinion?

A There may be a benefit in reducing breast cancer-related deaths if we start screening at 40, which is still in the States. And perhaps that's a good thing, but it may also

be the price of diagnosing even more women and younger women with DCIS. And as you're treating more potential morbidity and over treatment. Of course I'm not saying that we eliminate mammographic screening but we have to move the clock down. We know that almost all women with DCIS will be fine, so we need to better understand the disease so that we can tailor the treatments—less mastectomy, radiation treatment, or even an extended local excision—and avoid unnecessary treatments for those women who don't need it. Perhaps we even change the name for those women who are diagnosed to be at such low risk that we no longer really describe carcinoma in situ, but we're not there yet.

Q Your current research is attempting to change that.

A Yes, we're engaged in a population-



"We know almost all women with DCIS will be fine. We need to avoid unnecessary treatments."

based study of women diagnosed with DCIS in Ontario to identify predictors of recurrence in invasive breast cancer. It's supported in terms of its scope and funded by the Canadian Breast Cancer Research Alliance and National Cancer Institute of Canada. We've just received a five-year renewal of a three-year grant for \$1.3 million to continue our work. ■

ON THE WEB: For exclusive stories, videos and interview podcasts, visit www.medicines.ca/meforwomen



Winning in Afghanistan



Worry over the toll of recent Canadian casualties is obscuring the very real progress being made in reconstruction. And that's exactly the way the Taliban wants it.

BY SEAN M. MALONEY

IT IS 07:37 hours at a dusty forward operating base near Zhariy district, in the Kandahar province of southwestern Afghanistan. It's a clear night under the stars of the Milky Way, but it's far from quiet. The deep-throbbing rumble of Leopard tanks undercuts the higher pitched LAV III roars as a combined Afghan-Canadian force of 200 men prepares to move out of the gates. In the back of the command LAVII, the "situation awareness camera" has already been switched on: the whitened, gray night vision imagery catches a Canadian soldier as he snubs out a cigarette and ambles past a Ford Ranger chockful of soldiers from the Afghan National Army. While Canadian troops wait inside their armored vehicles, the Afghans are busily putting on their body armor. They're all part of an Operational Mentor and Liaison Team—nicknamed "oneleets" over here—and they're getting ready for battle. Overhead, you can just hear the hum of the unmanned drones circling the area, searching for a tell us what lies ahead.

I am in the lead LAV with Lt-Col. Bob Walker, the commanding officer of the battle group, and his staff. We all know, in the LAV, gives through the cool, damp wind, that the lead vehicle is the most vulnerable to mines, so the gunner on top keeps a close eye on the road, looking for ground that's been disturbed, while others scan beside us with night-vision equipment to catch the enemy has anticipated this move and prepared an ambush.

Troops from the Royal Canadian Regiment's India Company, along with soldiers from the Afghan National Army and units from the Lord Strathcona's Horse, have been keeping Taliban forces off balance for the better part of the spring and summer. The combined efforts of our advanced operations in Zhariy district, the blunting of the enemy's fall offensive, and the new leadership campaign that U.S. Gen. Stanley McChrystal has ordered, have set the conditions for today's mission.

The target is a series of three compounds south of a town called Hlaveh Madad, in the west end of Zhariy. Hlaveh Madad is important: it's here that the vital east-west road,

A LONG HAUL: Canadian troops on patrol (top), India Company in action on June 20



DISTRIBUTING school supplies outside Kandahar city

Highway 1, curves off into the desert toward Helmand province. It's the last place the Taliban can ambush truck traffic and thus escape into the densely packed vineyards, wadis and compounds of Zhariy district. If they try to further west, no power can be brought on heat to kill them in the open, where they have no civilians to hide behind. A quick thrust into Hlaveh Madad will send a message that the Afghans and Canadians can go anywhere at any time and have no companion about close in fighting, unlike certain NATO allies who refuse to commit forces to the region.

At 08:30 hours, in the command vehicle 200 meters north of the compound complex, the usually calm "contact" comes over on radio speakers. I look out the hatch and a stream of red tracer fire arcs in the distance, followed by several bangs. Two more contact reports come from India Company, and the battle is on. Canadian infantry dismount and move into the first complex. As the Leopard tanks roar in with the Afghan infantry moving parallel with them, the Taliban opens up with rocket-propelled gun

ade (RPGs) fired from a grapefruit. Two Afghan soldiers are wounded and an armored anti-aircraft is sent forward to collect them, once a Bradley armored engineering vehicle breaches a high road wall so it can get through.

The Afghan infantry clear out this complex room by room as the Leopards stand watch. The ANA are a much more professional force than even a year ago: they are

confidently here to win, they are confident and their distance tactics are fresh. India Company prepares to move to a new objective but then calls fire from another grapefruit. Two tanks move to support, as India Company's plan is to fire every weapon they've got at the Taliban fortification. Just then, an aerial drone opens the enemy moving in small groups in picking trucks to reinforce a line just south of the new objective area. Canadian M-777 artillery is called in and a succession of accurate "swags" send shock waves through the morning air, and makes short work of the Taliban.

That and all the noise and destruction, something even more remarkable is going on. As I stand on the rear deck of the LAV, I can see that civilian trade traffic has

cut far up along Highway 1. The battle is less than one kilometer from Kandahar province's equivalent of Highway 401, but that hasn't just a hint of what passing the morning rush hour has. Two cars swing north into the desert next to us—they're headed by the LAV's 20-ton cannon part in case—but even so, artillery, small arms fire and tank rounds go off, crash after crash after truck continues on the way to Helmand, Bagram and beyond, carrying Kandahar produce to market.

Meanwhile, back in the compound, the Afghan troops have discovered something. The Canadian tanks and infantry go into a "hedgehog," a defensive posture south of the objectives. Close air support has arrived at the farms of two U.S. Air Force A-10 "Warhawks." A Leopard tank crew then spots two Taliban RPG teams, and fires off a 105-millimeter that obliterates them before they can fire. Reports flow in that more Taliban are trying to reenter from the south. As A-10 is sent to verify the enemy is enroute, cultural damages are found—as we all know, air power can be a blunt instrument, and word comes in that a U.S. army Blackhawk

SEE US IN ACTION: COMBAT CAMERA. PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM LAMONT. COURTESY CANADIAN FORCES

helicopter is ready to extract the casualties.
The battle field is suddenly becoming a very
crowded place.

Then a sound like the hammers being ripped open with a chainsaw overrides everything. And again. The A-10 has just sprayed the enemy armorheads. Another Legend.

forces and destroyers in Taliban pickup trucks with a mounted RPG turret. Intel Company has got into their objectives and are fighting for them, sometimes at ranges of less than five meters. So far, there are only four Afghan and two Canadian wounded, but no "VSA" or "Vital Signs Alive—the new euphemism for Killed in Action. Enemy weapons like the G3s and they're used as bait when a Taliban tries to remove one, a sniper takes her down—one way to discourage their recon and scout groups.

By 37,331 hours, small arms fire has grown so deadly that the enemy resolve wavered. The Afghan command sent out a bulletin: his rich men were going to make it. RPG rockets, machine guns, shells and other explosives. More importantly, components for improved explosive devices, or IEDs, including artillery shells, wiring harnesses and detonators, have been found unopened in one location. These are the devices that have caused so much damage this spring and early summer, and it's both horrifying and sobering to find them before they're used.

Li-Col. Walker decides that the mission has succeeded and it's time to break contact. The Afghan and Canadian infantry move toward the highway, screaming "victory, L.A.V.," and "40 days of hell, 40 days of hell," in their warzone growls. The threat ends in a flash: soon after, a line of four IEDs or ambush laid along Highway 1. The troops are met and cut pummed from the action this morning and keep a close eye on it they return to base. Officially, there are 30 men killed and one died, probably more, but the effects of this operation are greater than the body count. An IED cell has been taken down. I could take the enemy weapons over ourselves to replace it. There were no civilian casualties. Highway 1 is more secure, for the time being. The Taliban were forced to renege on their promises in this fight, which can no longer be used against Canada. Our troops were forced to use scarce medical supplies to treat the wounded, which means the smuggling route back to Pakistan and elsewhere, the covert hospitals in Qandahar.

and elsewhere. Tiltbas wounded, as an Afghan police official told me, may even pretend to be a civilian or police casualties to gain admittance to hospitals in Kandahar city.

Survivors would soon be ostracized by tragedy. Even as that June 30 battle in Zhanyi was still raging, in the neighbouring Pingxiang district three soldiers from the Prince's Imperial Canadian Light Infantry were killed in a massive explosion as their M1 Garand vehicle hit a cloverly had mine stock. Was the dogged to draw reinforcements away from the Howa-Madee (Hut) in

So it has gone for Canada's part in the war in Afghanistan. On the one hand, the government has been completely ignored. On the other hand, the public has been left in a state of confusion and uncertainty about the nature of the war, the role of the Canadian forces, and the progress of the war. The government has been unable to provide a clear and consistent message to the public, and the public has been left to speculate and guess about the government's intentions. This has led to a loss of confidence in the government and a growing sense of disillusion among the Canadian people.



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new footage (left), with children in Kandahar

long opposed the military portion of the mission. The covert, let's-say-it-IED killing of innocent Canadian troops, the worst single day death toll since the invasion began. That brought more hand wringing, lowering, accusing, and the military, and these ordinary Canadians, leaving the highway as the house-to-house push to offer unconditional support.

Loose in all this, and in the wild process of decision makers back home, is the fact that victims are actually piling up in Afghanistan. It's a country, particularly in the southern areas where Canadian troops are most active, very much under reconstruction.

The best way to look at Canadian and Afghan operations in Kandahar province is to divide them into "black" operations and "build" operations, understanding that they are interwoven and dependent on each other.

Working with the Afghan government and aid agencies to the "build" part of the equation. Lt.-Col. Bob Chamberlain is the commander of the KFOR, the analysis prevails, using some startling statistics. First, a police reconstruction program has nearly eradicated the disease in Kandahar province and throughout southern Afghanistan. Second, while minorities in the region have not seen a dramatic downturn in their numbers, it has caused more and more children to be orphaned, many under the ages of 4 years, because the parents of the post-Taliban body losses. In other words, the aid organizations have a higher insured survival rate than the previous one, which was (seemingly) depleted due the effects of nearly 3 years of war. There are Afghan friends of mine who

originally a more secure location but were mines in a contested area. We tell the village leadership that we have residents allowed for development, but it is up to them to develop a consensus on how it will be used. They have to come up with priorities. This forces them to discuss it among themselves to take ownership. We then take this bid and see how it can be reconciled at the provincial level with NSP funding levels." The community is also awarded a construction power certificate as a cash-for-work scheme.

There is also an "Alghisi first" policy to prevent cooperation on Palatino corporate and aid organizations and to encourage Alghisi small business, particularly in construction. The Taliban have nothing to offer that can compete with the community development or council approach. They can only interfere with it, which, according to Kenz, has resulted in armed local people using the Taliban as an excuse to go away. The implication that bad motives could be cast off if the security situation in these communities didn't improve was an obvious incentive.

The CDCs are still new, but at least half of Kandahar province requires National Solidarity Program (NSP) training right now. NSP training is a good option for the first time. NSP funding and it was completely unconditioned under a year before that, when it was run by Khatulab. The idea that the CDC could work like this was somewhat surprising.

Rana is a teacher from a strong religious family. He knows it was a mistake and a frequent visitor to Afghanistan, so we discuss the state of education in Kandahar. "We have a number of problems that many are unaware of," he explains. "People don't trust police. They don't trust the police. They trust the Taliban more than they can be aware of at the time. Our mutual enemy has been making us open areas that are being ignored, and using two institutions the people do have trust in: 'Meeting mothers and schools.' Corrupt teachers are also a problem because they know that education will deliver them. They will follow the mosque knowing you [U.S.] International Security Assistance Force] can't ever win it. They assume that if you take away the school buildings there, burned down, teachers abandoned and students shot, [killing two girls killed and another girl wounded last year] school has already."

Westerners often forget that the separation of church and state doesn't exist in a traditional Islamic society. Canadian policy makers are fearful about getting involved with religion, but ought to understand that theocracy gets its message directly to the people through wandering *muftis* in the rural areas and via the mosque in Kandahar.

'FAMILIES AREN'T LEAVING THE WAY THEY WERE. THERE ARE MORE CHILDREN AROUND. I NOTICE THE POLICE PRESENCE.'

How much change has there been? What effect is this all having? And how do we measure it in an environment like Afghanistan?

In Kari, as in one of my military colleagues' pots, it is to "blended by the mouth" with the stars pinned upon his fly consultants to the various and wide notes. I met a group of three men in Kari, one of them, I asked Rashid, whom I have known for five years, whom I was qualitatively different. (The names of the Afghans have been changed at their request.) "I was a soldier in the Taliban army," he said. "Kandahar was a nice place, there were no law," Rashid said. "Families are leaving like they were. There are more than the dead around. I really don't like police presence, especially their vehicles and the checkpoints. We know they're all pretty calm, there are no bombings, but there is at least a feeling of security." He walked into a shop as the guest in a room. "The big thing is that we are not in the Taliban's hands. This city is gone. It is not bombing like it was. We are going to see our lives. The Taliban said first of all, we are not a part."

My other companions vigorously nodded. "But there are still the bombings," an ex-Cambodian security man told me. "There are no problems. After one attack, the government closed the schools in Mr. Wie's hospital. He told them this wouldn't have happened if only they and their families gained information to the security forces. This is starting to happen more and more." The NACD spokesman, Special Forces, there been burning in our neighborhood at night," he smiled.

Sometimes, however, the mal is more explicit, because there are other important developments in Kandahar. The Kandahar

lost both legs last year in an ambush in the
proud father of a baby girl

The need to nurture and protect this government is obvious if Afghanistan is to survive as a viable nation. Co-operative aid projects with the Afghans might well make this possible, and these we finally getting to the area where Canada has been most active. But Chamberlain's *KPRT* says www.kprr.com

purge, from the late Battalion, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the "deputy space" for the Foreign Affairs, RCMP, Correctional Services Canada, CIDA and USAID representatives who either maintain the provincial government, assist African agencies in managing the state of affairs, or deliver direct aid. Known by the Afghans as "the Taliban police," some of Van Doo, over time from their base in Vancouver, Que. go into an over-exposed number of rural districts, at great risk. This is part of a new approach to assist in helping Afghan people become participants, not merely aid recipients.

The first recognition that the economy was collapsing was interfering with the development agenda almost as much as the Taliban professed enmities. This is a sensitive topic (the Afghans are a people of pride), but Reink explained that "we had to bypass the donkey [a derogatory reference to corrupt officials who go to the people]." Reink described the community development council concept first linked to a large pit of Kabul-based money called the National Solidarity Program. (The NSP ended up on World Bank and IMF money because of a close partnership between the Afghan government and the Canadian Strategic Advisory Team in Kabul.) "We approach a village community

CANADIAN and Afghan: On November 11, 2001, planting a new bridge (left) with children in Kandahar.

CELEBRATING Canada Day in Afghanistan

city Radio, TV and newspapers can't counter this approach. Only education can. Boud and others I spoke with thought that teachers and teachers' unions need to be paid and respected. Indeed, teachers' unions need to be established. "We have people lining up to learn, of all ages," Boud told me. "In Kandahar, there are students that teach English in the morning and come



THE ONLY WAY THE TALIBAN CAN WIN IS TO GENERATE DOUBT AND FEAR IN CANADA, AND HOPE FOR A WITHDRAWAL OF TROOPS

just follow the stream. This is our future bureaucracy, our future middle class. Yet the development progress doesn't normally address this and are too focused on the rural areas."

The main constraints for the effort in Kandahar province is the connection issue between security and development: the police I spoke with Yusuf, an official working in security sector reform, and it became clear that there are too many cooks in the kitchen and some of the impediments are recent. The failure of the German government to develop an effective police job over the past five years led the European Union to take over that "pillar" this year. At the same time, the United States has committed several billion dollars to police reform, without serious consultation with the EU. "We are afraid too much of this money will wind up in the pockets of foreign contracted training companies and not go to the police themselves," Yusuf said to Kandahar, there are the regular Afghan National Police, the counter police, security police, military police, counter narcotics police, and a SWAT-like group called ANSOD. This would be normal in a totalitarian society where the police watch each other, and even some of these agencies report to provincial authorities, some to federal authorities, and some to nobody except themselves. But in Afghanistan, where it is critical to know who is responsible for what security measures, it's a recipe for chaos.

To complicate matters further, there is a debate over how police should be used. "Are the police a militia? Are they a paramilitary organization?" Or are they, as your RCMP calls it, "best cops?" It is unclear, said Yusuf as he described all these groups out on a pad it was also a question of short term versus long term. The short term view was flooding checkpoints with large numbers of partially trained police acting as militia for immediate security gratification, and the long term preparations are focused on building a professional police force that could investigate

crime. Finding the middle ground will be difficult. Li-Chi Chamberlain explained that a police force was only part of a legal crime system consisting of police, courts and jails. These elements remained undeveloped at best, so there was a leaning toward short-term solutions. Stabilize now, develop later.

In an ideal world, military forces would clear a district of overtly operating enemy forces. Police forces, both paramilitary and patrol, would move in, followed by the government, which would dispense reconstruction aid and govern. The local people would in theory provide the police with information on insurgent activity and the appropriate response (arrest or police) would be deployed to counter it, which in turn forces the enemy to operate elsewhere. Over time, all districts would be brought into the fold. In Kandahar, however, coalition forces are clear an area, but the police cannot occupy it effectively, which in turn makes governments difficult. On the plus side, the enemy cannot be everywhere at once either. The competition continues.

A complicating factor is interference in the Afghan conflict by Iran as well as Pakistan. Though some progress has been made in pressuring Pakistan's Pervez Musharraf to co-operate more effectively, the Taliban regime is doing little to prevent a significant arms flow into Afghanistan through the west-Asian provinces. Indeed, the appearance of sophisticated Iranian-made "explosively formed projectiles" similar to ones used against Israeli forces by Hezbollah, and against American and British forces in Iraq,

is a disturbing development. EFFs require precision timing, unlike the more easily manufactured IEDs. Reports that Iranian sources have provided the Taliban with shoulder-launched surface-to-air missiles are equally disturbing. International pressure will have to be brought to bear on Tehran to stop these and other covert activities.

But the more critical battle—the enemy's fight to destroy Canadian resolve—will continue. The only way the Taliban can succeed is to generate doubt and fear in Canada, and hope that these Canadians opposed to helping the Afghan people are able to generate a consensus for withdrawal. The only tool the Taliban have right now to accomplish this is a mass-casualty producing attack like the one that killed six soldiers in July 4. There's little doubt that the Taliban know that Canadian sentiment is wavering, and that such attacks affect public opinion. More importantly, they're aware that support for the mission is weaker in Quebec, and than a referendum in Quebec is on its way. The anticipated deployment of those troops and the division in the province over this war [like divisions in Quebec over other wars in Canadian history] will not be lost on the al Qaeda funded analysts supporting the Taliban war effort.

Given the improving socio-economic condition in Kandahar province, withdrawal now would be like remaining from the beachhead in Normandy immediately after landing. Canada has sacrificed too much to pull out when those incremental measures we're talking about for two years are just starting to have an effect. ■

IT TAKES A MOUNTIE TO UNDERSTAND A MOUNTIE

"As parents of a Mountie, we know that Brock would be truly disappointed and shocked that it is okay to take a bullet for Canada, die for your country as a Mountie, but a Mountie isn't good enough to be a commitment. Someone who knows how it feels for those Mounties out in the cars." —Colleen Hines, whose son was one of four Mounties murdered in 2005, on the opportunity of civilian William Elliott as RCMP commissioner.



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Ansari, in a live television interview on Pakistan's state-owned PTV network that the senior-most leaders held up in the compound were there by choice because he had "just jihad in their hearts."

Prize, in the standoff, it was obvious the Ghazi brothers and the militants residing with them were preparing for something. "For months they were building bunkers on the roof of the mosque," says Jagal, "digging trenches outside, showing their strength and threatening outside attacks. Why didn't the government do anything?" That, ultimately, is a question Musharraf will have to answer, but indications are that he is extremely concerned about the consequences of an all-out confrontation with Pakistan's extremists. Their strength is on the rise while the government is fractured and weak, beset with problems ranging from the contentious seeking

Militarism, on the other hand, are on the rise. "Talibanization" is the word of the month in Pakistan's media. What was once a phenomenon largely limited to the Tribal Areas where Pashtuns—the same ethnic group as the Taliban, and who have always shown a cultural affinity for Taliban ideology—are the vast majority, has now moved into the settled areas. Cities and towns outside the tribal belt bordering Afghanistan are experiencing their own radical movements, led and funded by jihad and violently opposed to the Musharraf government. Last week alone, in the northern valley of Swat, attacks killed

evangelical students with a hatred for all things non-Islamic, converting them that is at their religious duty to perform jihad, and then sending them out onto the battlefield. The Taliban leadership is a product of these schools. Yet militant street demonstrations for which Pakistan is infamous, condemning government action against the mosque, have been conspicuously absent.

One theory, according to Jagal, is that while some Pakistanis agree with the Red Mosque's mission—to enforce Sharia law in Pakistan—they do not agree with its methods. "Muslims in the subcontinent have historically been followers of Sufism," says Jagal, referring to the mystical interpretation of Islam that has a closer affinity to Buddhism than to orthodox Islam. "The hardening of doctrine in the region is only a recent phenomenon."

That phenomenon, Jagal adds, is in part a product of global politics. "There is a lot of anger in the West among Islamists," he says. "The Ghazi brothers at the Red Mosque gained their popularity through their anti-West stance. They took advantage of it for their own personal ambitions. What do you think it is that a small town wants? Money, followers, and more." The Ghazi brothers obviously managed to gain all three.

But they certainly didn't win over all Pakistanis. Fundamentally, as in so many respects a marginal force in society. "These people play with extremism," says M. G. Tahir, a resident in the housing blocks surrounding the Red Mosque. "Every outside bomber they send out is barely 20 years old. They don't know anything about Islam, let alone jihad." The spread of violent fundamentalism to the heart of Pakistan's major cities, however, is on every Pakistani's mind.

What people fear most is that this is only the beginning, in a country originally created in the name of religion, it shouldn't come as any surprise that religious risk runs among some Pakistanis. The concern now is that as Islam falls prey to more and more radical ideas, more of Pakistan's society will follow suit. "The world sees us as violent militants and suicide bombers," says Tahir. "We're not. But I'm afraid that is exactly what we may become." ■

WHAT PEOPLE IN PAKISTAN FEAR MOST IS THAT THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING



THE RED MOSQUE under attack (left); Abdul Aziz Ghazi. "There is a lot of anger toward the West"



of the chief justice of the Supreme Court to accusations of an inadequate response to an environmental disaster along the southern coast following a recent massive cyclone. With presidential election looming, Musharraf's controversial decision to run for a third term is not without its risks of anger that has united opposition parties. In a conference held last weekend in London, a wide spectrum of political groupings representing most of Pakistan's political landscape agreed to oppose the elections at all costs if Musharraf runs and to demand his resignation, dissolution of government and the establishment of a caretaker government to oversee a general election. They foresee a future Pakistan without Musharraf.

18 Pakistan security personnel. Musharraf himself stood early on in the media with the Red Mosque that he was concerned about a possible backlash in other parts of the country if the government hit the situation too hard.

But what has baffled some observers is that the expected large backlash has not materialized, at least not yet. Pakistan is home to as many as 5,000 known religious seminaries, with a staggering 10 million students from around the world enrolled in them. Despite a push by the Musharraf government to modernize their curriculum, many of these schools continue to teach the same jihadist ideology that was sanctioned by Pakistani leaders throughout the '80s and '90s, indo-



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OBAMA hits a cult following: he's been making the rounds with his wife and two young daughters, and usually gets a celebrity reception.

WHY ALL ROADS LEAD TO IOWA

It's never too early to campaign where primary season kicks off

BY LISA OIL SAVAGE • Cremon, Iowa, pop. 2500, lies southeast of the state capital of Des Moines, though 70 silver grain cars full of corn and soybeans, and just 100 miles off for the birthplace of John Wayne, the covered bridges of Madison County, and a factory that turns cornstarch into a national supply of gourmet beers. At the all-you-can-eat Plaza Ranch restaurant in town, riding your deerskin down the walls and the piazza has seemed like the "Borneo" inside. Republican friends and loyalists like Romney, the squared-jawed former executive of an elite East Coast investment firm, is telling his life story to a few dozen farmers, armed schoolteachers, and small-business owners, who have politely overdone their apple pie pizza.

"I know the heart of America," says Romney, describing his God-fearing all-American

upbringing that starts a chord in three parts. He knows one: the list above being the son of a well-to-do governor who ran for president, about once supporting abortion rights and gay rights when he was governor of Massachusetts, about being a Mormon whose ancestors tilled the prairie during a cakewalk on a polygamy island, he lays it on thick about his wife of 18 years ("my sweetheart Ann"), his five sons ("all married"), his grandkids ("10"), and his God ("I believe that Jesus Christ is my savior; I believe the Bible is the word of God"). He desires capital gains taxes, illegal immigration, pornography, acquiror judges, and bilingual education, and wants that a Democratic president will raise taxes and sacrifice health care ("We're not going to let the people who own America run our health care system," he declares). He'll sell well and good for a heartland stump speech, but this is Iowa, and when Romney finishes, one couple wants to know first things first: "What does your first name really stand for?" The presidential election is still almost a

year and a half away, but Iowans are doing homework—vetting the long list of candidates up close and in person, often in their living rooms or backyards. Romney, who leads the Republican field in this state, has already hit some three dozen towns, taken out several thousand TV ads, and hired to fill three Iowa staffers. While he talks, campaign volunteers in tan and purple will gather around members and email addresses on little orange cards in what is perhaps the most important ground war of the presidential primary race.

The reality of this ritual has been doing the same thing. All show for Jan. 14, when Iowans will have the cold to spend several hours in a school gym or a church, making the nation's first choice about who will be each party's candidate in a process called a "caucus"—an occasionally raucous one-on-one election that makes the quick succession of most state primaries look like politics for dummies. At a caucus, you've got to show your face and explain why you support your candidate. If your own has a word name, you'll better be able to say why. (Mitt is Willard Romney's middle name, and it takes after a relative who was a 1930s quarterback with the Chicago Bears.)

Iowa, which has usually been first in the nation's primary season for the past 30 years, was supposed to close its mailed-off caucus this year. Many states are moving up their primaries so late January, and 20 states are to make their decision on Feb. 8, in some ways that could make Iowa more important, because there will be little time to change whatever

momentum comes out of the caucuses. So Iowans help the candidate who doesn't show the proper respect for "Iowan" laws style. "Show up on time, for crying out loud! People have put their names on the ballot, you know," said a letter to the editor published in the Des Moines Register after a visit by former New York rapper Rudy Giuliani, who leads the

senior caucus. He even credits her Senate work on Grand Jury illnesses for saving the love of attending in his backyards, without voice-carrying. "I know, I know," she said, "but I'm glad for thinking she had gone running into the burning house herself."

Then the caucus starts in with personal tales to rival Romney's. "I was born in Chicago. I'm from the middle of America," says the senator, who not so long ago was trying to persuade New Yorkers that she was one of them. She confides about the dysfunctional childhood of her mother, who only

Bet Meyer McCarthy, the Democratic county chair for the surrounding Union County, is not won over. "I never let Bill and Hillary hit my eye. There were lots of people that you come here, it's small town, it's little-to-fair," she says at a Cremon backyard barbeque for Delaware Senator Joe Biden. "They say in person that it's worse. She needs to know that," McCarthy is looking for a fighter. "Last time, we didn't fight back. This time around, you come against us and know, we're giving it back to you with both hands," she says. Iowa is in many ways a poor little town for the national mood. The population is more rural than the nation at large, and more white. But what Iowans lack in diversity they



GOP field nationally, but trails in Iowa.

"Who do they do it?" Because somebody has to," says Chris Robinson, 55, a secretary who lived for a time in Texas, and is glad that Iowa is the first because "in the Midwest, you have much more action." She spent her fourth of July afternoon at a picnic in Hannibal, Missouri, where her son, Senator Chris Dodd, led an elementary school gym. Dodd charmed with small groups of Iowans about insurance, public service, health care, and his rock band, rushing to shake hands before they began calling the huge numbers. Dodd says the Iowa process gives a candidate like him—who barely registers in the polls—a chance to be heard. "Once you go to the big states, then you place it on the anyone. There's got to be a job in America where people get a chance to feel you, touch you and figure out who the hell you are," he says. Looking at the polite Iowa ladies around the table, Dodd corrects himself: "Because me—who the hell you are."

Iowa is proving a challenge for Giuliani, and for Hillary Clinton, the Democratic front runner, who is muddling her efforts in the face of a strong following for Joe Biden (he's not you see). She officially visits on her husband's first time in the state in the background in the Des Moines hotel profits selling corn. Romney and Michelle are in a week, hundreds of Iowans, many of them business and women, stand in line for an hour and a half to get in. "Don't let yourself," says Scott Rensy, a 39-year-old Des Moines real estate agent. "Half the people here come to see it!"

The Clinton critics are well photographed: he stands deliberately behind the podium, but with his hands supportively on her shoulders. Bill Clinton then declares that he would campaign for her "even if he



CLINTON has been redoubling her efforts in the Hawkeye state; Romney has hit some three dozen towns, marched in parades, and taken out several thousand television ads.

learned what a real family was like by becoming a nanny at age 13, and her father, who praised "individual responsibility and self-reliance." Meanwhile, the former president fully passes up advantage at the candidate, clenching on the stage to do so.

Clinton goes on a tour about visiting "goals" for the country—health insurance for all Americans, energy independence, and universal job opportunities for every four-year-old. Describing the respect the American flag once received abroad, she says, "I want to be the president that respects that flying around the world. I want to ensure that feeling about ourselves." She adds that she has an advantage: as a woman, because "we'll have a lot of clout up to do." When she finishes, her words explode presidentially evoked. And very presidentially, she takes no questions.

make-up for in it had lived in the baseless accusations that he had broken Karl Rove to spend a July afternoon prepping over 120 beef and pork burgers on the grill in the backyard of his degree Cremona kitchen. He was for Biden, Koch then that he should have grill barbecue. "The pork patties aren't staying together," Biden warns, also warning about biting a few towns during the day. "What a beautiful house," he tells Koch, who introduces the local union chairman of the Senate foreign relations committee to a guy "who doesn't talk in 30-second sound bites." Shipping equipment across, Biden delivers his seven visits to Iraq and Afghanistan, and his detailed plan for bringing a de-centralized independence to Iraq that he believes will enable the U.S. to bring home its troops. He speaks in a Scottish style,

JOHN L. HARTMAN

DAVID L. HARTMAN

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A rubber fleet chronicles the sea's currents

BY KENNEDY ABDELHAMAN • This summer, the British are sending themselves for an invasion of a smaller sort. Thousands of floating bath toys—yellow rubber ducks, green plastic frogs, blue turtles and red beavers—that have been travelling the earth's coasts for 15 years are expected to finally wash ashore on England's beaches, bringing an end to one epic journey that has had seagoing frogs and armies of beachbumbers from Hawaii to Norway in high orbit for over a decade.



ALL ASHORE: Shipwrecked bath toys will wash up in England

On Jan. 10, 1985, a blighter from Hong Kong board for Tacoma, Wash., pulled in a heavy mouse, sending scores of its cargo overboard. The contents of one lost container: 15,000 bath toys, quickly became the new mascot of force for retired physical oceanographer Curtis Ebbersmeyer. "Bath toys currently regulate ocean climatic," he explains. "But they're very difficult to follow. Sort of like travelling ghosts. You've gotta put some doing on a current to actually see it."

Which is where the toys come in. After decades of the ducks, frogs, turtles and beavers washed up in Sicily, Alaska, 10 months after the spill, Ebbersmeyer used his newsletter "Beachcomber Alert" to ask subscribers to keep an eye out for the playthings. There have since been sightings from as far afield as Hawaii, Russia, Scotland and Maine, and beaver carts of the floats have been recovered. Ebbersmeyer guesses that some of the toys travelled from Alaska to Japan and back five times, while others passed through the Arctic Ocean (frozen in packs for that movie about a mile per day) and are now set to land on England's coastline. The major toys have had one cruise around the world. "Nobody knew the orbital period of that [Alaska] piggy bank either," Ebbersmeyer says. "I'd be like, not knowing how long it takes the planets to go around the sun—it's that kind of weird!" ■

From forest to concrete in one easy step

BY DANYLO HAYALEERKA • On June 28, one could stand on a roof in Athens and witness a scene eerily similar to J.J. Abbot's brilliant vision of Mordor. Along the edge of Mount Parthia, about 15 km north of Greece's congested capital, billowing orange flames heaved with the whir of strong winds, illuminating the night skyline as a raging fire consumed an once-idyllic private retreat. Forest of fir and pine afforestation known as "the lungs of Athens" soon became a landscape of burning black ash. On the city, neighbourly birds were threatened. And people got mad. On the weekend after the fire started, Petros Petrakis, 10, observed the devastation first-hand and got so upset he started a street rage campaign that resulted in a mass demonstration last Sunday. "It was a reaction out of rage," Petrakis says.

Forest fires are a way for developers to make money in Greece—at the only nation in the European Union that doesn't have a forest registry, says Demetris Karavellou, director of the World Wildlife Fund of Greece. "What that means is that when a forest is burned down—it's not in the forest—it's only converted into cement," adds Rody Kauling of the Hellenic-American Democratic Association. "Turning forests and parks into buildings is the easiest and biggest source of wealth in Greece."

Further more, government institutions responsible for managing land use have been corrupt for decades, he says. And though politicians have promised progress, nothing will be changing. "If the government does the usual, and grants pre-construction favours to all the people who built illegally in the forest by legalising their land, by letting them hook up to the electric grid—there will be outrage," says Kauling. And that's when things will really heat up. ■



ATTENDING RAGE: Turning forests into buildings is quick money

An election expected this coming fall or spring, and Athens will be watching. "If the government does the usual, and grants pre-construction favours to all the people who built illegally in the forest by legalising their land, by letting them hook up to the electric grid—there will be outrage," says Kauling. And that's when things will really heat up. ■

Sarkozy turns his back on French style?



LE JOGGING: Rimboud is out, Sarkozy is in for the new leader

BY JORDAN TIMM • Since his election two months ago, President Nicolas Sarkozy has tried to shed France's smokescreen, transforming his own image. However, his burning of headbangers, well, not Frenchmen. First, Sarkozy stood for a half-hour portrait in a black suit, a nod to memories that his grandmothers had the good sense to wear French couture. Then, after a meeting with Vladimir Putin at last month's G8 summit, Sarkozy seemed disoriented, groggingly explaining that their tête-à-tête had featured "reflexes more potent than water." Untrue, Sarkozy claimed—he doesn't like alcohol and never touches it. But that denial touched off even more controversy in France, where the wine-making industry is facing trying times. "He could at least have the intelligence to take a sip and spit it out," snarled one wine maker, wishing the new president would at least appear entranced in the pulchre of French culture. "Jacques Chirac, he knew how to put the drinka wrong," lamented another.

New criticism of Sarkozy's exercise regime is on the ball. So well-known is the president's passion for jogging that he is jokingly referred to as a "Nike club"—but not all of his countrymen appreciate the president's activities. "A major weapon of media manipulation," accused media critic Daniel Schneidermann, one of many who use the language of Sarkozy pounding the pavement as an expression of the individual values and performance-oriented ideologies of the right. Philosopher Alain Finkielkraut lamented the president's "endless" devotion to jog-jogging, encouraging Sarkozy to adopt a more reflective pace. "Western civilization, in its best sense, was born with the plowshare," he said, calling walking "a sensitive, spiritual act" and rearing publicly among great minds from Socrates to Rimbaud.

The controversy has caused French watchmen in Great Britain, where a Times headline chided, "What Rimboud and Jean Rimboud, often tell us they enjoy Sarkozy." But so far, there has been no sign that Sarkozy will heed his critics and break stride. ■

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HOW TO SQUANDER A \$52-BILLION EMPIRE

THE MICHAEL SABIA STORY

Missed opportunities, indecisiveness and a lack of vision cost BCE its head start in the cellphone and Internet game BY JASON KIRBY

Michael Sabia, the chairman and CEO of BCE, desperately wants you all to know something. In fact, he'll tell anyone who'll listen: You've heard all the nasty talk about how BCE's board of directors botched the auction and sale of the second company. Well, says Sabia, please to that. The complaints from bidders about management interference in the auction process, and the hurried pace of the talks, just reflect the difficulty of selling a highly regulated company in Canada's small capital market. "The magnitude of the price put on the table," Sabia told Macdonald, "is the strongest evidence our board succeeded in creating a very competitive process."

And so it goes. Another Canadian icon disappears from the market—not with a bang,

but with the whimper of a hundred investment bankers and lawyers, and with a CEO offering up a passing rationalization. Canadian icons are by now immune to the vamping acts of the company's largest and most honest business: Molson, then Hudson's Bay Company, then merged the two into Falconbridge and now BCE and its Bell Canada subsidiary—a combined \$40 billion worth of Canadian capitalism gone in the span of just three years. BCE hasn't fallen completely into the hands of the Americans, since the Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan will ultimately own 52 per cent of the company, while its two U.S. private-equity partners will hold the rest. But it will be dead to Canadian investors, and along with it, the shared legend that comes with owning one of the country's largest enterprises. Many analysts believe it's just a matter of time before Mac Gill will be carving up company pieces and sold off completely.

Did it really have to end this way? It's impossible to say for sure, but it's become clear, looking back over Sabia's tenure at BCE, that more could have been done—and done faster—to make the company stronger, and

therefore more impervious to a takeover. While Sabia did inherit a company beset by the failed empire-building of his predecessor Jean Morin, his job as chief exec and spin-off master only took it so far. For all his financial wizardry, he presided over a time when his business changed from copper and lines to cellphones and the Internet, yet BCE failed to keep pace. At his initiative, retention programs were on, and as opportunities passed BCE by, rivals pulled ahead. Arguments were left with more questions than answers about BCE's future. Where would the company's growth come from amid increasing competition? And what exactly did Sabia want BCE to become? "The question has been raised whether he ever had a grander vision for the company," says Troy Cronin, an analyst with MacGill, Gill, MacGill & MacTav. "If he had done all the cleanup in three or four years and moved on, I'm not

sure we would be in this situation with private equity buying the company today."

In other words, the biggest mistake the directors at BCE made wasn't in how they handled the recent auction process. Instead, what it became obvious Sabia was unable to light a fire under the company, the directors should have thanked him for his cleanup effort and found someone who could.

What a difference five years make. Back then, Sabia was hailed as BCE's savior, the man who would right the ship Morin had steered onto the rocks. During Morin's four years in charge of the Montreal-based company, he attempted to diversify BCE beyond just being a wire phone company, in much the same way Ted Rogers, with his spurs charred, imagined (including this one) cable bundles, no longer run a simple cable provider. A year after becoming CEO in 1998, Morin planned down \$10 billion to buy the 77 per cent of global long-distance carrier Teliglobe that BCE didn't already own. To help pay for it, he signed a complicated deal in which U.S. phone company SBC Communications paid \$5 billion for 30 per cent

BETWEEN 2002 AND 2006, BELL CANADA LOST AN ESTIMATED 1 MILLION LOCAL-PHONE CUSTOMERS TO RIVALS

of Bell Canada, with the right to force BCE to buy the cable back later on at a much higher price. And in 2000, Morin orchestrated the creation of Bell Globalstar by acquiring the CTV network for \$2.5 billion and combining it with the Globe and Mail.

It took barely a year for the share price of Morin's conservative strategy. BCE failed to show how owning TV stations and a news-

paper would add value. Meanwhile, Teliglobe, bleeding red ink, needed BCE cash just to keep the doors open. Before long, BCE's share price was in free fall. When Morin made the surprise announcement in April 2002 that he would step down and hand the reins to his president and chief operating officer Sabia, investors were elated. By the end of that day the stock had jumped 17 per cent.

Sabia had never been front and centre before, but he came to the job with the calculating eye of a numbers guy. He was a policy wonk in the federal Finance Department in the 1980s when his boss, David Dodge, asked him with increasing urgency the details for the Mulroney government's new Goods and Services Tax. Then, in the early 1990s, he joined Paul Tellier in the privatization of Canadian National Railway, bringing his sharp pencil to the Montreal company and helping transform it into North America's most efficient railway. BCE shareholders hoped for more of the same from the freshly minted CEO.

Sabia appeared to deliver, at least at first. BCE cut the bidding to Teliglobe the day Sabia



incurred in the top job, took a \$39 billion haircut over the whole mess. And he shrewdly negotiated a deal with BCE to bring all of Bell Canada back under the BCE roof. Other deals followed. To raise cash he off-loaded Bell Canada's valuable Video Plus distribution licenses. After much to-ing and fro-ing he sold off a huge chunk of the company's stake in what's now known as CTV Globalmedia. And then he lived off rural phone services in parts of Ontario, Quebec and Atlantic Canada through recent years. Most recently, he sold his life-supporter Telcel for \$1.4 billion to a Canadian pension fund and a U.S. aerospace company. Loral Space and Communications. Nearly all of BCE's senior management has been replaced since he took over the company.

It's a mystery on his part, being some of the company's chief signs we were facing, it's a really pure measure to get it resolved," says Sabia. "I think the company has arrived at a very real inflection point."

Yet none of those moves did anything to lift BCE's flagging share price. And so when, this year, Telecom began to push for the outright sale of the company, some analysts argue Telecom never really knew how bad the situation was when Sabia took over, so his efforts weren't fully rewarded. But by several measures, BCE is worse off than it was when Sabia took charge.

The company had been Canada's largest wireless carrier with 3.5 million subscribers, but by last year had slipped to second place behind Rogers, while Telcel, the third-largest cellphone provider, is right on its tail. And the early 2003 launch of BCE's bid with its Syria partner company, back when it seemed every bid had a computer e-mail address, followed by Sabia's promise to upgrade its high-speed network failed to materialize. That business deal, BCE's first remaining connection to the cable companies like Rogers and Shaw, was scuttled as its territory by some shareholders, between 2002 and 2006. Bell Canada lost more than one million local-phone customers to rivals offering home phone service both through conventional land lines and the Internet.

Meanwhile, Telcel has made huge inroads in central Canada, BCE's traditional territory. Last year the Vancouver company beat out BCE to win a major network management contract with the government of Ontario, and is now trying to force BCE to supply the Department of National Defence with global telecommunications services. Both deals were BCE's to lose, say analysts. "I've got [Sabia] a full A- for getting BCE off the dog days of Jimmy Monty," says Lorne Hogg, a telecom analyst. "But they moved far too slow on technology, and too slow to realize that competitors were at the door."

The truth is that all of Sabia's moves, he did more for shareholders during his tenure as CEO than Sabia had done up to the point this talk of a takeover injected life into BCE's share price these months ago. In the five years Sabia ran the company, it sustained a 29 per cent return, excluding dividends, with most of that coming in the first few months after he took over. In the Monty era, BCE shares moved up 64 per cent, on either the disastrous decline that accompanied the collapse of the dot-com bubble.

If Monty's genuine failing was that he took so much stock in his own time he was paralyzed from taking any action at all. "Monty was rich in vision, but to the point that he was financially impotent," says Malcolm White, a fund manager with Signature Assets. "Sabia was the mirror image of that. He has

ANALYSTS SAY FORMER CEO JOHN MONTY WAS 'AHEAD OF HIS TIME' AT THE POINT OF IMPROBABILITY



THE DAY MONTY STEPPED DOWN AND HANDED THE REINS TO SABIA, BCE'S STOCK JUMPED 17 PER CENT

been financially prudent, but at the cost of a vision for BCE."

There was a brief moment, in early 2004, when it seemed like Sabia might finally have his vision for where he wanted to take BCE. He talked of unleashing "creative destruction" on the company. He would demolish the too-moderate that characterized BCE's many divisions while pushing the company into new technologies that would re-create its business, like Internet telephone and pro-

viding television through phone lines. These initiatives would require a massive investment in new fibre-optic networks, and Sabia spoke of investing \$1.2 billion. But for some reason, he held his tongue to some extent. He wanted to take life by the reins of what he wanted to lead the company, but he backed off," says Lorne Hogg, a telecom analyst with Seaboard Group. "Instead he turned his full attention to his money-investing machine."

Sabia does have a taste for BCE and assets his plan was embarking on schedule. "Let's be Canadian," he says during a phone interview, before continuing up a hockey analogy. BCE was just starting its third period, having been established and rebuilt. The last third of the game would see the single resurrection of Sabia's vision.

And what was that greater mission? This would be the company's highest! Upon hearing the question, Sabia launches into the kind of bedazzling speech you'll expect from any tech executive—or at least one trying to sound decisive. BCE would have "a competitive cost structure that enables it to competitively compete," says Sabia. It would deliver "leading-edge network capabilities" and "innovative and entertainment services." Finally, BCE would offer "a truly differentiated customer experience."

"That's what we've been in the process of building," he says. "And that's the future direction we're in building toward."

Not exactly the kind of sell-off for investors. He's basically saying "I'll leave it to others to determine whether people regard that as a satisfying vision," he says. "You believe it's a winning direction."

But the truth is that on the way to executing that formula, Sabia missed some very good opportunities to make BCE more competitive, and allowed his ego to get ahead. That was never more clear than when the opportunity came to buy Allstream, a small wireless carrier known for its Pda-based wireless-chip card. In 2004, Telcel launched a mobile \$1.1-billion bid for the company. Allstream was skeptical of Telcel's offer because the two companies used different types of wireless networks, but the move would have given Telcel access to Allstream's web customer base. The move would have been a win for Bell Mobility, which was losing customers over problems with its own billing software. (To his credit, Sabia turned down the bid.)

According to reports, Sabia was keen to make an offer for Allstream, but never pulled the trigger. Instead, Rogers Wireless swooped in with a \$1.6-billion bid, which helped catapult it to the No. 3 spot on the list. "Sabia didn't even try to bid," says one fund manager who owns shares in BCE, but added not

to be certain. "There was an opportunity to change their fate. I don't think it was the only thing that needed to be done, but it could have helped them."

BCE was also a lagged when it came to letting investors watch TV through their phone lines, a cross-sell that gave new life to the company's business. The cable firms have monopolized other Canadian phone companies are already way ahead. By early 2005, Telcel's in Saskatchewan and Manitoba 3G services rolled out the service to their provinces, while Telcel launched Internet Television in Alberta and Vancouver. As BCE struggles to catch up, some investors are now saying Monty wasn't as far off track with his convergence strategy as he seemed, even if he paid too much for CTV. "At the time it didn't seem to make sense, but six years later it could have had value," says the fund manager. "Ultimately what sales need to do in order to be competitive is to rethink solutions."

In looking at Sabia's legacy, it's impossible not to draw comparisons with his counterpart at Telcel, Dennis Edwards. Both men faced battles by far before they'd even stepped onto the corporate stage. And both faced roughly the same competitive challenge—the telephone, at which we know it for decades, was dead. At Telcel Sabia had been in the cockpit's seat beside Monty Edwards, who had spent the previous decade as a senior manager in British Telecom service, a complete outsider when he took the job in 2002. Telcel's old boss had become a merger with BCE Tel. Then just a few months after Edwards joined the company, the telecom industry tanked. Both companies were bankrupted by monopoly-era monopolies and huge bureaucracy, but Edwards was much faster in shipping his company into shape. He slashed nearly 25 per cent of Telcel's workforce and saved a host war against its unions. The result was a more efficient and nimble company.

In the midst of the chaos, Edwards made a bid that has since paid off huge. He borrowed heavily and snatched up wireless provider Clearnet for \$4.6 billion, arguing that growing demand for cellphones would raise that bid for the price tag. Analysts and investors pointed the deal at the time. Telcel stock, which had traded at \$45, then Edwards was high, collapsed to \$1 by 2003. By today's high-powered wireless phone generation 44 per cent of Telcel's revenue is from Telcel's acquisition of Telcel, which has managed to stay profitable, as Edwards was disappointed, that Telcel would likely be much higher. Bell Mobility, by contrast, generates just 26 per cent of BCE's revenue. It's not that Sabia never cut any cheques for acquisitions. He did. They

were just piecemeal and mostly harmless. But that the measure of a CEO should be the size of his acquisitions. That's the type of thinking that got BCE into trouble in the first place. But even when the question arose of converting two phone companies into telecom assets, Edwards led the way.

SABIA ISN'T EXPECTED TO LAST LONG ONCE THE DEAL CLOSES, BUT HE'LL WALK AWAY WITH MILLIONS



ONTARIO TELECOM'S FORMER CEO Dennis Edwards learned the hard lesson

At the height of the telecom boom, carriers of all stripes were adopting a structure, which allowed them to reduce their taxable income by distributing it to holders. Phone companies, especially BCE, were seen as ideal candidates because their old-line telecom business pumped out a consistently steady stream of cash. BCE investors who wanted the company's underperforming share price began to call for it to become a trust. Suddenly, it was all about the company's need to remain flexible in order to grow. Then last September, Edwards revealed Telcel's plan to convert to a trust. One month later Sabia followed suit. Of course, in the end, Dennis walked away with more than \$20 million in cash and bonuses, but Sabia was not expected to last long after the takeover deal closed. For one thing, he wants to make a killing in a result of the sale. With the value of his deferred share units and other bonuses, it's expected he'll walk away with as much as \$10 million. And Sabia has indicated it may replace Sabia's management team with its own. "We won't throw anybody out tomorrow morning," says Lorne Hogg, "but we're ending our previous."

Could anyone have saved BCE? It's a question that will ring long after BCE has disappeared from the Toronto Stock Exchange. Many of the analysts who complained about Sabia's actions for the years led gradually gas him out of the pulling the company from the line. And they suggest BCE's problems were as deeply embedded as the technological challenges he was facing, that the outcome was inevitable.

Perhaps, but Sabia did his part to hasten the process by following through an aggressive alternative. Once, when Sabia was explaining his approach to guiding BCE, he told a reporter: "There are no silver bullet answers to business. There are no silver bullets more than there are in this business and there is." But without any upgrade of a vision to attract them, investors gave up and turned away. R.P. BCE ■

ALL HAIL THE IPHONE

Apple has another blockbuster. But does the phone measure up?

BY LIAHNE GEORGE • In early 1999, Apple pulled off an extraordinary marketing coup by weaving its new line of iMac computers in colorful plastic panels and introducing them as a range of five "iMac" flavors—grape, tangerine, strawberry, blueberry and lime. More than any other feature of the iMac, that one-of-a-kind design created a market in which new ways of thinking about computers—fun, like candy—were made possible for people to see about a technology device the way they came about a broader reading chair or coffee mug. The years since have witnessed a nonstop Apple love-in, starring a parade of trademarked and colorful iMacs and iMacs On June 29, though, when the company finally unveiled an iPhone—labeled "iPhone" to bloggers in "the iPhone" industry—online in the U.S., you would've thought it had found a score for unpopularity.

Killed by low jobs, Apple's website crashed, as a "revolutionary" all-in-one device, the iPhone is an iPod, a smart phone, and Internet on the go—all done up in sleek, gleaming plastic. But now over the internet has revealed that critics are already questioning whether the iPhone lives up to the hype, or if it's just another fad.

As expected, initial demand for the iPhone—priced at \$149 for the four-gigabyte model and \$199 for the eight-gigabyte model—was overwhelming. Estimates place the number of firms sold over the first weekend anywhere from 500,000 to 700,000. Within a week, Apple's stock soared to a record high of \$138.50. (It was bumped even higher Tuesday when analyst Gordon Hargrave of Cowi & Co. gave the iPhone a "buy" rating, which is the highest it can give.) The launch also proved to be a triumph for AT&T, which has the exclusive rights to the iPhone's carrier in the U.S. Company spokesman Mark Sigal told Reuters, "In its first weekend, we sold more iPhones than in the first month of any other mobile phone AT&T ever offered."

So why for us, Apple has yet to make a deal with a Canadian service provider. But the real reason why the iPhone—whether because of production constraints or by design—only seems to make people cover the device more desperately. "It's typically Apple," says Kevin Reilly, an analyst with Toronto's Scotiabank Group, of the tightly controlled launch. "Steve



LONG LINEUPS AND GLOWING REVIEWS GREETED APPLE'S LATEST GIZMO

Jobs is the ultimate vision master."

Early reviews of the device were glowing. Design was the iPhone's first major triumph. The touch-screen interface, and the fact that the phone knows whether you're holding it horizontally or vertically, give it that magic touch quality. David Pogue of the New York Times described the Web browser as "a world-class," and Ed Bang of USA Today said that "responsive, fluid consistency is indeed worth loving after." Though, as some reviewers pointed out, both of these reviews have looked at the iPhone pending, so it'll better be worth the wait.

But there's an enormous data involved in performance expectations to high and availability to low. One wonders what exactly will be the case for you? Anything short of improving the quality of the iPhone you can call or the culture of those you can download will be a disappointment. Already, iPhone backlash has come fast and furious. People who've grown accustomed to an 80-gigabyte iPod up to now nearly empty hard drive. The touch screen keypad is awkward to use. The launch date has long and cost US\$199 to

replace. And several critics have reported frequent crashes.

But the biggest complaint is the fact that it's only usable on the AT&T network. iPhone users must commit to a one-year AT&T contract for a minimum cost of US\$1,499 to even activate the phone. According to Steve Tien, "AT&T's rather than EDGE network is a weakness that affects the phone's most exciting capabilities." Right now, backers are working night and day to "unlock" the phones, so that they might be used with any service provider.

Ultimately, while the iPhone remains the hottest accessory on the market, it's currently not as useful as a status object than a life insurance policy. "You're not a millionaire, even on an email account, then you have to go through the [AT&T] Blackberry," says Reilly. "You can't get on the iPhone for that." Jobs has set a goal of taking one percent of the world's cell phone market by the end of 2008. He'll probably get it. But there's a reason IBM's stock shot up by seven per cent the Monday after the iPhone launch. Then again, maybe we're just jealous. ■



CINEMA'S GREATEST HERO WAS THE MANAGER

The bestie died during a shooting of the *Twins* movie in a cinema in the Chinese city of Hong Kong last week. While 100 fans gathered outside the cinema, a cinema manager (Geng Heng) led an evacuation, carrying people out on his back. Geng's effort: Deng's bravery with the outcome: there were no casualties among the 120 cinema-goers and 35 employees. Except one: rescuers recovered Deng's body, still holding a cellphone and a live extinguisher.

Swings like a sword, and it's worth millions

BY COLIN CAMPBELL • When Microsoft announced last week that it was buying a US\$1-billion stock repurchase plan for its Xbox 360 video game console, it was hardly the lead of new games to boost what so far have been disappointing sales. Over at rival Sony, things haven't been much better. The word of the console ecosystem that, in an effort to boost its sales, it will cut the price of the PlayStation 3 console by as much as \$100. The surprise announcement in the race for video game supremacy has been Nintendo, with its newest console, announced last November, the Wii. According to research firm NPD Group, in the United States at least, Nintendo sold 150,000 Wii, while Microsoft sold 154,000 Xbox 360 and Sony sold just



ASK WII: Nintendo's new console has outdone both Xbox and Sony

81,000 PlayStation 3. Earlier this month, Nintendo jumped Sony, the world's largest video game maker, in market capitalization (the company's new worth \$13.5 billion).

Part of the Wii's success is due to price. It costs \$249, compared with the PlayStation 3, which costs as much as \$550, and the Xbox 360, which runs to \$399. But a bigger factor has been its innovative design—the Wii has a motion-sensitive control stick that can be swung like a sword or baseball bat, making video games, even the domain of lonely teenagers, more of a family-fun activity. "A PlayStation 3, a fairly-fine console," says Chaffetz, an independent analyst. "The Wii, as he, has made video games a viable form of family entertainment."

What Nintendo has done with the Wii is comparable to what Apple did with its iPod, says Reilly. "They've delivered a unique product." Like the iPod, it's become a must-have item. And more than seven months after the Wii was released, people aren't lining up at stores to get their hands on one. ■

A dreamy end to air travel's nightmares

BY JARED MITCHELL • Flying is such a dreamy experience—cuddly calves, food and music accompanying that if it weren't so much a dream, it would be a nightmare. But Sunday's debut of the Boeing 787 "Dreamliner" may change that. For the first time since the jet first began in the 1970s, passengers will benefit directly from technical improvements in air travel. Just a few years ago, the Chicago-based jet builder seemed to have lost its consumer luster. It failed with financially shaky air lines such as the Swissair, which had been near the point of bankruptcy, cutting travel times by 20 per cent. But air lines, obsessed with saving fuel and not time, stayed away.

Then Boeing developed a product that looked what airline customers want. It looks a "dream" work—in an economic sense, group—near Seattle to study passenger service, learning from customer-service champions such as Walt Disney and Disney. Among its features: more than 100 seats and 100 seats. The research led to the 787, which rolled out of a Seattle-area hangar on Sunday. The Dreamliner provides better air, less noise, fuel efficiency built not of aluminum but carbon plastic composite, which is stronger and lighter than aluminum, and can burn fuel more efficiently. It's pressure without burning and, unlike metal, doesn't corrode, enabling Boeing to make the dream-like level of beauty in a cabin from the jet's seat to the ceiling.

Add larger windows that can be dimmed with electronic shades, a wider cabin permitting wider seats, and aesthetically pleasing lighting that simulates the sky outside. "We wanted to bring back the magic of flying,"



THE DREAMLINER has a fresher air, and electronic window shades

says Blake Emery, Boeing's director of differentiation strategy. Sales of the plane have ballooned to 677, even though it won't fly until next year. (Air Canada has bought 25 units.) The age of the flying odyssey may be at an end, and not a moment too soon. ■

Hollywood has a few tips for executives

BY MONIQUE YARNOPOLEY • Business managers can learn a lot from watching a movie like *Deers*. And it's the *Deers* business lessons that are often the most interesting, not the ones about the film's success.



WHEN IN ROMEO: Is a film the best business lesson you can get?

management" movies are in Italy, which screens cultural and artistic disciplines for novel approaches to management training. "A good film is much more sophisticated and complex than traditional quantitative business training, because of the rich and visually stimulating imagery it offers for business behavior," explains Scott, a professional journalist who edited and co-authored the handbook.

The *Deers* business lessons, for example, were about intellectual possession, ancient ages and intelligence in the "borders of masculinity" break down between the protagonist and his son) and demonstrates the benefits of responsibility over risk-taking in the workplace, as the dying man recognizes the importance of human connection.

Look, another film in our list is, interestingly, in the psychological tradition that goes into writing business films. And John Wayne films like *The Searchers* are replete with office-ready metaphors about leadership, strategy and discovery. The latter is a particularly relevant: Hollywood's love for business managers is a modern theme, while the company depends on management labour for survival but doesn't remain prevalent, says Reilly.

"We are trying to show that culture opens the mind," he says. He and his co-authors hope to translate the book and tailor it to other cultures. ■



THE WAITING GAME: No verdict in sight, some members of the press were reduced to passing on helpful advice about pit-bull showers

THE BUZZARDS CIRCLE

Every day, more media: all to capture live the march to the scaffold



MARK STEYN

And the days dwindled down to a precious few—June, July... and still no word news. In the *Raw* Corbin the other afternoon, Conrad Black was in the midst of some or other gleeful crack about this or that pro-secutor or journalist or government activist when his daughter stepped out of the elevator and began her distinctive waltzy lunge across the lobby. Alan had sat loyally in court day after day, week after week, and sat restlessly, and more watchfully discerning defendant that the way was on camera, or at least on journalist's video-focals. For four months she had kept her position and constrained her range of facial expressions to a generous smile, a look of ironic concentration, and an occasional smirk of intriguing insensibility. At the *Raw* Corbin, I got the big news, and a sweet bit of the head, and a couple of social pleasantries, and then she caught her father and I before him that the jury would deliver their verdict the next day. Conrad Black was off duty—not in the way

and he means when consumed to the courthouse, but in skirts and a polo shirt. He looked, in fact, like a dad. And though, decades earlier, he'd been full of his usual boisterousness and bullishness, on hearing his daughter's news he gave a nuchal shrug and just for an instant she seemed to go out of him and he was pensive, and then subdued, and then somber. And Alan's big booming smile diffused too, and the great boomer yep—"The Troggs?" as one of my poor college pals has been suddenly out of their red liddle girls in *The Baddest Girl* or some such Edwardian, when the copper came to take daily rings.

Young Miss Black was wrong. It wasn't the next day, or the day after that. On Tuesday afternoon, Lord Black withdrew to the courtroom to hear Judge Amy M. Ene read the final jury note. His wife's required to be there, but it takes respect for the process to turn up on an inmate's note. So it was, short and we always had out in his board room and ready to show the jury cells (The Tower's another matter: he was without such in court that day) so you get the note about "Would be the verdict? No, you get half an hour's notice of this. Were they requesting another degree of acquittal or an acquittal? No. I mean, the note women and three men had sent the judge a note informing that "we have discussed and deliberated on all the evidence

and we are still unable to reach a unanimous verdict on one or more counts."

There were four defendants and six different charges—13 for Black, eight for Sipos, six for Hollinger, five for Peter Adelman, 11 for Brian van Jack Boudreau. Had they decided to acquit Sipos and were they acquit Black, Black and Adelman? Or had they decided to acquit all four on the non-compromised were the peripheral matter of Conrad and his wife's reaction to *News* Asia? No matter. "I will not accept a partial verdict on the note," declared the judge. So back they went.

But in this game it's all partial, with no hope of total acquittal or total conviction, only a partial recovery of some patch of ground from which to commence the next stage of the fight. Jay Kipnis, the wife of the lawyer of the four defendants, told me the other day that only the government can win. If you're the fellow they're trying to convict, even if they lose, you don't "win"; you can only survive. It seems unlikely that Mark Kipnis, formerly Hollinger International's senior counsel and a Chicago lawyer who once made a life, will ever prosecute in this city again. As for Conrad Black, the definition of "survival" is a little different. "In the unlikely event of acquittal, his career as a powerful press king will end," pronounced old friend Richard Ingram in Britain's *Observer* last weekend. Conrad doesn't see

it like that, though the odds would appear to favor the ingenuis view.

But the trick, as if in some unending game-show hell, is to survive into the next round. Over a lunch with the defendant's wife, I was making a rather desolved legal point when an agitated Barbara Annal came up. "Mark, we're talking about Conrad's mistakes and an orange jump suit." I didn't know what to say. But 14 minutes a few weeks ago that Lord Black himself was now allowing for the possibility of partial diets. "I think we're in the clear on the non-compromised, and I'll be on the jury or the plaintiff can move first..." Etc., etc. You'd never really in the court, not usually, finally, no more lawyers on the payroll in the clear.

I can't speak for the defendants, but for years just these last two weeks have been the court dispensing, a plume in the pit of hell into which these relatively ordinary fellows plus one outcast British poet have been lowered by fate and the U.S. justice system. While the trial itself—from counsel's accountancy (not Corbin to Governor Jim (The Skirt) Thompson) to first prosecutor line Susan's unimpeachable floundering during—was a valuable hell of observations, the fortnight that followed was an amuseusement with no end in sight. Even more than usually so, the Blacks' life was on pause.

ON HEARING HIS DAUGHTER'S NEWS, HE GAVE A RUEFUL

SHRUG. FOR AN INSTANT THE AIR SEEMED TO GO OUT OF HIM.

There's legal cases that already moved on to plan for the new stage of his case—preparing motions to prevent the return of these house in Palm Beach, holding strings to move to discuss grounds for appeal. The press had stretched out on the same as that, hoping a cub out to the newsroom for penitentiary to one day or putting on helpful advice last half-guided on how not to drop the soap in the showers. The defendant himself was not yet ready to join his legal counsel's committee of high-level legal advisors to consider the next circle of hell. He had no desire to clock in early with the *Reds* rather to pick out shades of orange, because of French cuffs. So he sat in the *Raw* Corbin and waited, and waited. After the jury was back for further deliberations, a schedule shifted up on my Black Berry which I mistook as "Conrad Black Told To Rescind Work After Deadline." In fact, it was "Conrad Black Jury Told To Rescind Work." Conrad Black would not be to blame he could resume work, but there's no much chance of that.

It was a game to the media, holed up across the Chicago River on the 12th floor of a Miss van der Rode federal office building these last two weeks in an entanglement

of the Front Page—no booze and poker, but Starbucks and culture, and loudly between the courtroom, and speculation about Barbara Annal's reputation of sexual techniques. And, after allowing the Corbin to provide most of the manpower for the main courtroom media crew these last few months, there has been with each passing day an ever swelling cut of BBC Television staff, and ABC Radio staff, and BBC World Service staff and BBC News 24 staff and as doubt BBC Paper News-Governor Services, most of whom attended a moment of the trial had turned out on buses to report live the march to the scaffold. The trial wasn't



and went live went on—Bush, Blair, Piers Hilton, Iraq, Afghanistan, Live Earth... seeing at the entire table of the chambered courtrooms, Conrad Black, the last great lord, confidence of prime ministers and potentates, historians of presidents and survivor of the far bar second history, seemed like a great Hollywood star bearded in a daytime soap. To paraphrase Norman Desmond, he was his life was the case that he had got small, something like the life major of the last that is apparently

the actor in the *Chicago* Daily newsroom.

There will be a lot of news and covering over partial verdict and lawsuit. Black's last attorney, Ed Gerson, is an old hand lawyer, not defending nuptial characters by moving an open-and-shut case into the grey realm of reasonable doubt. Gerson has with 42 counts on the jury sheet, don't almost an intention to shift two partial-verdict territory. I would have liked not just a little of point-by-point back-and-forth but a full-scale alternative to the government's narrative of scheming lies proven living the high life on the shareholders' lives. Whichever of may be said of him, Conrad Black is an epic life, and he deserves an epic trial. ■

Was it a game to Conrad Black, too? For much of his time in Chicago, he seemed to be playing it as one, maneuvering the suit and pepper shakers around the restaurant table in his hotel as he compared the cross examination of Richard Tene to the Battle of Jutland. In the latter stages of the trial, he'd forgo the military metaphors, gliding



HAN VS. HIS OWN CHIEF: NO CLEAR VICTORY

Nothing seems to go right for William Cavanaugh of Illinois. When he thought someone was standing his ground, he's been told a couple of times to stop it. Cavanaugh didn't know what to do. He was being wrong repeatedly. He told a court he suffered massive and lasting injuries from the seizure of a jury initially awarded Cavanaugh \$27,128,484 in damages but later reduced that, noting that he was 42.35 per cent responsible for his own injuries.

SHUT OUT OF THE NHL

Twice in six months, Jim Balsillie has failed in an attempt to buy an NHL team. Has the league got it in for him or for Canada?

BY CHARLIE GILLIS AND JOHN INTINI

Jim Balsillie, Research In Motion's billionaire boss, didn't have the physical skills of a pro-mach football player back in his college days. "He wasn't fast," recalls Malcolm Gladwell, the bestselling author who lived across the hall from Balsillie at the University of Toronto's Trinity College in the early '80s. "In fact, he was quite slow. But he was the type who would work back, play goalie, and pick the ball off at the last second. He'd get so much joy out of playing the games he'd make more diversity than anybody else."

To Gladwell and others who've kept in touch with Balsillie since their former school days, the ex-Balsillie, a former academic, advisor, judge, and an uncanny ability to exploit an opponent's weakness, the hallmarks of an outsider who, as his BlackBerry empire grew, attained legendary status in the business world for helping create RIM into a company worth nearly \$1 billion. But even as his loyal army of devout warriors continues to increase, Balsillie's willed—and, in all likelihood, failed—attempts to buy the Nashville Predators for an estimated \$250 million has raised questions: What went wrong? Is he responsible for the failure of the deal? Or was he outmaneuvered by the NHL's job loss?

Last week, with his nose slipping from the headlines and other voters lining up for a shot at the suddenly defunct Predators, Balsillie found himself driven out of the NHL, and the loser of an auction that the fans of authentic sports he should have won hands down. The 46-year-old's offer for the team came in nearly \$100 million higher than the next richest, making Nashville over Craig

Leopold's decision to walk away from all the more puzzling. NHL executives drafted the whole debacle into a sloppy paperwork. "We didn't," said NHL vice president Bill Daly when asked why Balsillie's proposal never made it to a vote before the league's board of governors.

But Leopold's cold feet, according to sources, had a lot to do with uncertainty that the hard-line opposition from within the office of NHL commissioner Gary Bettman to Balsillie's bid—particularly his plan to relocate the



NASHVILLE PREDATORS: Jordan Tootle (right) is high-sticked in a Kings game. The club lost US\$70 million.

franchise to Hamilton. One source with knowledge of the transaction claims that Bettman's assistant director LePold had no purchase contract on relocation would receive NHL's consent, the result, and the source, was that Leopold believed when some director signs a binding agreement. Rather way, the move has raised questions: Can Canadian hockey fans and league executives might not be able to take the NHL franchise whose club is anyway? And more importantly to the future of the league, of a team with a quarter of a billion dollars in spend,



JIM BALSILLIE: His bid for the Predators was almost US\$50 million more than a rival's.

bad business, the draw of this world can be incredible. Putting aside the growth in book value of sports franchises over the past 30 years, NHL ownership often comes into an orbit of generals, sons and pastimes, from Wayne Gretzky to Sidney Crosby to George Gillett, the Montreal Canadiens owner who, along with fellow billionaire Tom Hicks, recently lost US\$100 million for England's soccer Liverpool Football Club's NHL governance meetings, while covered faithfully by Canadian sports media, bear an uneasy resemblance to a group of jokers.

Balsillie, a long-time Habesha who named the conference rooms of RIM's corporate headquarters after retired greats like Guy Lafleur, Bobby Orr and Gordie Howe, saw himself as a natural fit. On the surface, at least, he is. With 100 hands, Balsillie can hold his own on the bench. And with an estimated \$1 billion, he has the deeper pockets than many owners in the club. Just last month, he pledged \$27 million in support of the Centre for International Governance in 2000—and \$15 million to create the Waterloo, Ont.-based Balsillie School of International Affairs.

ready willing to support the team and an shilling position for hockey in good enough to join their number, who?

The answer to that last one may be a while coming, as the NHL's ownership circle remains immune to the coachings of Gherardo Masi. Pleased to belong to an organization that would have them as members, the billionaires, executives and corporate executives on the NHL's board constitute a closed society, where boys and freedom intersect with wealth and self-reflection. For a certain type of

man, in his home he bought a Nashner before he joined RIM in 1993. Friends say Balsillie's late friend Rudy Ruzicka is the result of a middle-class upbringing in Pittsburgh, Ont. 10th father, Ruzicka, was an electronics technician. His mother, Lucille, was a stay-at-home mom. But Balsillie now lives in a mansion that more resembles like 1,200-sq-foot pad on 1.5 acres in Waterloo (equipped with tennis court and an indoor wave pool), he isn't above taking his dog for a walk.

And like a lot of middle-aged men, he still plays hockey. Unlike most of them, he hires a guy to train him. In 2001, Balsillie, a right winger in a men's league, enlisted former Rochester Raging Wolves Brad Spikes to get him tuned up for the season—he's convinced the regimen really only began inside. The two-a-week, hour-long practices, which include skating and shooting drills, start at 5 p.m. Spikes and his student showed his competitive gear by scoring a goal at a charity game in March against a team of former NHLers—including former Boston Red Wings defenseman Mike Fisher. "You was in there doing the corners and often came out with the puck. He's real snappy."

Balsillie is just as competitive on the golf course. But, say his friends, he's not above the occasional pro-life—he is making change in his pocket or blowing cigar smoke in the face of a buddy before a big putt. "He's a guy's guy," says Ben Rosenthal, a Burlington,

Massachusetts resident who bought a Nashner before he joined RIM in 1993. Friends say Balsillie's late friend Rudy Ruzicka is the result of a middle-class upbringing in Pittsburgh, Ont. 10th father, Ruzicka, was an electronics technician. His mother, Lucille, was a stay-at-home mom. But Balsillie now lives in a mansion that more resembles like 1,200-sq-foot pad on 1.5 acres in Waterloo (equipped with tennis court and an indoor wave pool), he isn't above taking his dog for a walk.

And like a lot of middle-aged men, he still plays hockey. Unlike most of them, he hires a guy to train him. In 2001, Balsillie, a right winger in a men's league, enlisted former Rochester Raging Wolves Brad Spikes to get him tuned up for the season—he's convinced the regimen really only began inside. The two-a-week, hour-long practices, which include skating and shooting drills, start at 5 p.m. Spikes and his student showed his competitive gear by scoring a goal at a charity game in March against a team of former NHLers—including former Boston Red Wings defenseman Mike Fisher. "You was in there doing the corners and often came out with the puck. He's real snappy."

Balsillie is just as competitive on the golf course. But, say his friends, he's not above the occasional pro-life—he is making change in his pocket or blowing cigar smoke in the face of a buddy before a big putt. "He's a guy's guy," says Ben Rosenthal, a Burlington,

Ont.-based entrepreneur who golf with Balsillie a few times a year. But Balsillie rarely sticks around afterwards for a drink. He often hurries off to watch, or coach, one of his kids' games. And though he loves talking about sports between shots, he's guarded about wrong friends, which it comes to his own sports-related business—including the efforts to buy the Predators and Predators. Betting has to be a constant, says Rosenthal, in "like opening a car without a car opener."

Although Balsillie declined to be interviewed for this story, it's clear he was under no illusions when he stepped to buy the Pittsburgh Predators last December was blocked by Bettman's insistence that he not relocate the team for seven years. Six months later, he was back in the commissioner's New York offices with a letter of intent to buy the Predators for US\$250 million. (Earlier estimated the team's value at \$200 to US\$134 million, which makes 170 out of 10 teams.) "You make me want to cry," a happy Bettman is reported to have said, so pleased the Pittsburgh experiment had not soured the Canadiens as a franchise for good.

But the bedtime didn't last long. In addition to submitting what they thought was a sufficient application for purchase, Balsillie's team sought approval from the NHL board of governors (which is to say, Bettman) to move the team west of Nashville. The reasoning, the group says, was obvious: The club's flagging attendance had already cost Leopold US\$70 million over the 10-year lifespan of the team. The numbers had already improved during the league's best season of 2005-07. Moreover, Leopold had triggered speculation that would send the Preds' arena lease next year should average attendance fall below 14,000 per game. "It was imperative to us to know what happens to Jody's commitment in the event the lease terminates," says a source in Balsillie's camp. "When you're shoveling all this money on the table, I don't think that's unreasonable."

At the same time, the Balsillie group also set about making a new home for the team's southern Ontario. Don at the moment that Balsillie could be with it to keep the team in Nashville. Balsillie was signing a 10-year lease with Copps Coliseum in Hamilton, and making up deposits for a month's occupancy, 14,000 seats last season. The NHL's bylaws, they claimed, was, expected that an owner willing to relocate a team must provide a year's notice, and he must prove that he's moving to a viable market. To Balsillie's group, all they were doing was preparing the ground for the seemingly likely event that the lease in Nashville becomes void.

The commissioner, however, was not amused. Spending for Bettman last week,

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bazaar

It's getting really odd. The fashion's most ubiquitous logo for the past few years has been the skull. It's everywhere, from the pump-and-ride to the pump-and-ride.

Mortality's skull is currently floating in the sea, adorning blouses, T-shirts, and beach towels. It's on the stage at the summer barbeque, printed on Pottery Barn Kids napkins and glass teacup holders. Even Volvo, a carmaker known for safety, featuring golden's symbol in its current "Volvo's Adventure to World's End" campaign based on the latest *Pirates of the Caribbean* movie.

The skull's emergence as 21st-century wallpaper is a subtle yet unmistakable sign of an unspoken, universal truth: We're all going to die. What a truly morbid, yet comforting, reminder. The skull's visual potency is timeless, of course, witnessed in countless men during back to the Future's Poor Yorick's cranium summoned Hitler's iconic silhouette of despair. The skull and crossbones' association with danger—on toxic substances and piracy flags—underscores its retrograde appeal to goths and heavy metal aficionados. Los Angeles-

THE SKULL WON'T DIE

Appearing on everything from towels to baby clothes, mortality's mask is officially wallpaper for the 21st century BY ANNE KINGSTON



ABIGAIL CALHOUN (LEFT) used a human skull case in last year's *Oppenheim*, (LEFT) Avril Lavigne and (right) Christina Aguilera

based Chinese Museum tapped into the image's primal side in 1989 when it began producing its high-end rock 'n' roll and later inspired gear priced for hedge fund managers.

The skull's arrival on the broader fashion stage dates to 2001 when British designer Alexander McQueen showed a US\$450 skull scarf in his spring collection. Steven Miller, Marc Jacobs and Lindsay Lohan were photographed wearing it, while, meanwhile, the 2005 season of *Thomas Wayne*, a line by British stylist Paula Thomas, had Hollywood in mind. The collection's graphic skull design became a staple—well, not in the barbeque's glass case was. In black and white, framed with white skulls was seen on Caran Ache and Lohan. Cameron Diaz was photographed in a shirt, Heidi Klum with in underwear. Jennifer Lopez was in a skirt with red skulls on her lower abdomen. By then, the macabre motif was everywhere—in Vivid's underwear, Lucien Pellier-Finet's underwear, Offshoot of Humanity's jeans. Chloë Moretz, McQueen's look-off, showed in H&M. Behind the scenes, a gritty skull ring to the Machiavelli Video Awards last month.

The early summer frocks of the Caribbean type only sniped at the island's popularity, particularly among big boys who want to channel Captain Jack. The Italian Fiat hat and epic playboy kupa tikiann recently showed up at an interview with the *New York Observer* as a pair of black velvet slippers camouflaged with skull and crossbones. "They're funky, I like them," he explained. "We are pirates, not of the Caribbean, we are pirates of the Mediterranean."

The skull's appeal to women apparently frolics. Mary, Queen of Scots wore a large watch carved in the form of a silver skull, embellished with lines from Horace, as a reminder of her mortality. That's why the appeal to women is *Madagascar*, where any sign of decay is a firing offense. Rather, the skeletal form is complexly in tune with the prevailing fashion aesthetic. The skull is



BRUNDA STEINACH (left) wore a skull ring to the *Madagascar* Video Awards

the perfect death-and-rebirth symbol for bad girl behavior—imbibing dangerous substances, playing with knives, driving drunk. Ken Roberts, a buyer for Toronto's TGI, whose plentiful skull merchandise includes a \$1,910 Thomas Wyldstone and a \$1,600 Great Chase Wolf headpiece, says part of the skull's fashion appeal is the mix of badness and "glamour." "The vocabulary is rock 'n' roll but designers are using more feminine fabrics," she says. Los Angeles-based designer Deborah Lindqvist has built an empire producing cult-punk culture printed with the dramatic symbol. The French line Life and Death prints are sexually connoted in the fabric. Andie Boyd, owner of Nyla, a Toronto boutique that carries Vicio skull-embellished T-shirts, observes: "Canada has not been so quick to embrace the skull. 'They're everywhere in L.A.," she says. "But I think they break a lot of Canadian women out; it makes them nervous."

That's surprising given how creepy skull imagery has become. The shopping website *Capricornia* sells hand covers on which skulls have been shaped eyes, glow-in-the-dark skull-and-crossbones dog T-shirts, polo-dor and skull iPod mini cases, even "pierce princess infant bodysuits" for trendy parents who want to avoid their newborn in death's snags.

Perhaps though it may mean, the proliferation of the grim granger app means awareness to duty—or at least so steps mirror—the inevitable, as British as the way by. Tina Subtil's *Isolation of Christ* full collection in L.A. this spring featured vintage models painted pale white with burgundy or jet black ink stamping down runway around skulls and bits of skeleton. The gothic-cute French artist Damien Hirst used a human skull as a plant and covered it 3,601 daisies in his latest

work, "For the Love of God," unveiled in London last month. Belief "the most expensive piece of contemporary art ever produced," the \$110 million object resembles the world's most morbid doll hat. They told the Guardian the piece represents the ultimate "five fingers up to death." Employing a skull was a no-brainer: "What better way of saying that than by taking the ultimate symbol of death and covering it in the white as a symbol of luxury, desire and decadence?" Only the technique exposed. "You need that precious element for a work as a piece of art," Hirst says. This intention is to shock. "I want people to see it and be scandalized. I want them to gasp," he says. Good luck to him. Now that skulls have as much going up against, he's going to have to try harder than that. ■

BESTSELLERS

COMPILED BY ELIZABETH WATSON

Fiction

- 1 **THE BURNING ROOMS** by Michael Chabon 1.00
- 2 **QVINGERO** by Michael Ondaatje 2.00
- 3 **ON CHIEF BEACH** by Ian McEwan 4.00
- 4 **THE GOOD KISSING OF ZEBRA COTTE** by Michael Ondaatje 5.00
- 5 **THE CHILDREN OF HURN** by J.R.R. Tolkien 2.00
- 6 **STALIN'S WIG** by Michael Ondaatje 1.00
- 7 **RABBIT** by Chuck Palahniuk 1.00
- 8 **THE GUEST** by Michael Ondaatje 1.00
- 9 **AFLOAT** by Michael Ondaatje 1.00
- 10 **THE YOGH POLICEMEN** by Michael Ondaatje 1.00

Non-fiction

- 1 **600 IS NOT GREAT** by Christopher Hitchens 1.00
- 2 **THE SECRET** by Michael Ondaatje 1.00
- 3 **THE GUNN CHRONICLES** by Tim O'Brien 1.00
- 4 **THE ASSAULT ON REASON** by Michael Ondaatje 1.00
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- 7 **CULTURAL AMNESIA** by Michael Ondaatje 1.00
- 8 **ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, MIRACLE** by Michael Ondaatje 1.00
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THE PUBLIC Health Agency of Canada advises travellers to use permethrin spray on clothing for protection against malaria

Repelling the insect-repellent hat

There are clothes that keep mosquitoes away. Too bad you can't buy them in Canada.

BY JORDAN YIMM • The Teller Lindenshies hat is a Canadian clothing icon. It looks, for example, it inspires intrinsic loyalty among western, ultra-affluent women (it's issued against bias, and, in the company's famous slogan, it's even through the digestive tract of an elephant and be ready to wear again after a quick wash). Wearing Teller's design in the U.S. will be able to point in one direction, one that will keep mosquitoes and black flies away from women's hair. A collaboration between Teller and a North Carolina-based company called Buzz Off Insect Shield, the Canadian outfit has high hopes for the product. But don't look for the new Teller lid in bug capitals like Winnipeg and Edmonton—you won't find it. Buzz Off produces a chemical called permethrin, which has yet to be approved for use here as a personal insect repellent. "Until Health Canada gives us the go," says Dave Rappelle, Teller's director of wholesale, "we can't sell it in Canada."

Buzz Off has been working in the U.S. for the last four years with companies like L.L. Bean and Tannery Hoffer Group, using a patent-pending process to bond the powerful insecticide to clothing. That process got the thumbs up from the Environmental Protection Agency in 2005, but Buzz Off's products are still not allowed north of the border. For two years, the company's application to sell its products in Canada has been under review by the Pest Management Regulatory Agency, the branch of Health Canada that regulates control products in this country.

Buzz Off's application is one of many the PMRA is considering for products that can prevent disease. A synthetic version of permethrin, an insecticide that occurs naturally in some chrysanthemums, permethrin is registered

in Canada for use as an agricultural insecticide, for bio and vector treatment, and for household products that combat the likes of cockroaches and wasps. But in countries like the U.S. (the United Kingdom and Australia, it's also available as a personal insect repellent that can be sprayed on clothing).

In Canada, though, the only people allowed to use permethrin spray are the Canadian Forces, who have been treating their uniforms with the chemical for a decade. Steve Schell, the senior adviser for pest management at the Department of National Defence's command and control program, says there is a place like Afghanistan, where soldiers face the threat of malaria and sandy fever, permethrin is an invaluable tool for protecting their well-being.

"It's like a magic invention," he says. "Once you get it on the uniform, it's there for six months." Soldiers still supplement their insecticide uniforms by spraying DEET bug dope on exposed skin, but the treated clothing means soldiers in the field are protected if they forget to reapply the conventional repellent. And Schell, who says the chemical's use has never caused a health problem for a soldier using it, has long been an avid proponent of having permethrin spray available in Canada for civilian use, both to prevent mosquito bites and to combat disease

like West Nile and Lyme disease. The latter, he says, is now popping up in remote places in Canada, and permethrin has proven much more effective against Lyme-bearing ticks than has any DEET-based insect spray.

Health Canada may not have approved it yet, but the Public Health Agency of Canada recommends that Canadian travellers use permethrin spray on their clothing if they're going to areas where they'll face the threat of malaria—even though the product isn't legal here. "Without a product registered in Canada, it's very hard for a traveller in need to get access to these things," Schell says. He explains that the regulator in Canada is very conservative. "They do a very good job, but they're set up to protect Canadian health from any risk associated with a product. What they can't do, or don't do, is factor in the health protective benefit, that trade-off."

Meanwhile, Buzz Off thinks its products will be a hit when they make it to Canada. "The northern states have been some of our best markets," says vice president Jason Griffin. "People in Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, that area—the reason for them to go outdoors somewhere. They don't want to lose any days to mosquitoes and they are in much more likely just to get outside. We think that Canada would follow." Griffin hopes to get the all-clear from the PMRA in the next three to six months. In the meantime, however, Canadian hoping for another tool to battle against biting bugs will have to wait. ■



WHAT THEY GOT FOR IT • **A STATE PRISON** Linda Gehring of South Zanesville, Ohio, became an inmate in a prison for the property she just bought. She's paid US\$99,500 for the former Ravenna State Prison. The 27 acres come with well-kept houses and four cottages. Gehring plans to renovate the houses and may turn one of the brick cottages into a restaurant. The special grounds will be used for park fair-bird trails. Says Gehring: "It's going to take a lot of hard work."

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP COPE



HAPPY GOING: For Williams, a return to his ex-girlfriend Kate Hudson makes sense. He may be a prince, but he lives in a goldfish bowl

Getting it on again after the big off

Is Venus in the ascendant, prompting this outbreak of reunions among celebrities?

BY ROSEANNE MILLER • In tabloid world, reunion lies are made in heaven. First London thrives with the rumour that Hugh Grant and Julia Roberts are back together after their split earlier this year. Next comes the revelation that Prince William is seeing his former girlfriend Kate Middleton again, and now Pamela Anderson is cooping up ex-boyfriend Tommy Lee. Is this it: the use for a comment unsuitable or a season of despair?

The tabloids love it, commissioning more copies to roll out all the crystal balls rising on the big off. In Venus in the ascendant, prompt the outbreak of women's movement—their exes? Don't ask. Happiness, merris, and all the things are only in the next another cut that crying they could have.

They're going, right? It's wrong, once, it's usually wrong. But it's not the first time that they believe they're living on the big themes for all of us, the sense of the love never did run smooth. "That view is increasingly encouraged by the group verities, for whom these thundering old clichés are the coin of the trade."

And indeed follow others: The George and Martha of the world is Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, who loved, fought, married, fought, divorced, remarried, fought, and divorced again. But the trend was there long before the young Elizabeth got her first role in National Velvet and Richard Burton emerged from the black sea of South Wales. The lead lady lay of the Algonquin's old-fashioned, Dorothy Parker, married actor-legendary Alan Campbell in 1934, divorced, remarried, separated, and returned in an endless loop before she died and dropped him in 1962. A second round of the same work and work both sides, but the true addition is the extra-

rent, the hysteria which comes out, peaks and troughs in chaotic love. Think Steve Miller and Jade Law, Kate Winslet and Peter Dinklage, performers wedded in criticism, involved against embassies, often added to pain.

And women are all too ready to take back hopeless men. Hugh Grant has been a late boyfriend, James Van Der Beek is a photographer, a silly script that could have landed him a career, like he is. A scientist with the drive. Despite this, the supervisor is said to have changed things for the year, and Grant is set to make his first film in the next year. For Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee, the divorce looks equally loaded by past misadventures and brushes with the law. Tommy Lee may now get a regular old divorce, but what are the odds?

For Williams, a return to his long-time love Kate makes more sense. He may be a prince, but in the goldfish bowl of royalty, how will he get another girl? Kate floated by in his student days, a window of necessity that wasn't so severe that the loneliness of the long distance kept his life. He's a prince, Diana was the most adored woman in the world, but more of her life she danced and danced alone. Where will he find another woman

who fits the bill? Kate is smart but not too smart, a real looker and above all discreet.

Plus the fact that Williams is not even a woman's cup of tea. Despite one of the best educations in the world, Williams' vocabulary consists largely of "you know," and his action is not his strength, a conclusion unlikely to be followed given his family's ancestral view on anything like thought. The company he keeps is even worse. The reunion with Kate took place at an anniversary party, a New York event called Proton. Naughty, fought with him up dolls and other off-colour delights. When naughty men, girls in uniform and listings of film in show, the couple's passionate life on the dance floor, after which they returned to Williams' quarters, may have been one of the chiller events of the night.

As this suggests, getting it on again after the big off is for the romantically insecure, which is why the tabloids use into these couple like rats up a drain. To forget that disillusion, betrayal and pain requires the wild equivalent of a frontal lobectomy and a section to a childlike sense of innocence and hope. The reward may be fabulous, fast and frequent sex, and the last of the reunion is just one more of those unmitigated, addictive substances, which insulate the lovers from reality for a while.

But that's not all. As everyone knows must be so: After the sex, guys, or it will all end in tears. Again, and again, and again. ■

ROSEANNE MILLER JOHN STAMOS

After an Australian critic accused him of being "bitchy," Stamos, who's married to actress Julia Roberts, is a former child actor who's a popular comedy series star. "How many times did he do that? Because he had a child's face," Stamos also read the host's lines from the teleprompter, but he later apologized. Stamos' hit had been between an old dog



PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP COPE



RETYLING THE '08: It's not until the graduation of an old-school head—maybe he'll become richer, pricier and classier

The everlasting hold of 'Hairspray'

From Broadway musical to Hollywood blockbuster, a cult classic gets a fresh perm

BY KRIAN B. JOHNSON • There are movies that get turned into movies, and movies that get turned into musicals. Then there's the one property that starts as a film, morphs into a musical, and becomes back to the screen as a movie musical. Film that has completed that trifecta include *Little Shop of Horrors*, *The Producers*—and now *Hairspray*. John Waters's 1988 cult classic has come full circle, albeit as a studio blockbuster with a \$75 million budget, about 30 times the cost of the original film. The signature success of Waters's squalid little flick about a '60s Coney Island has become a *Cinderella* story in its own right: a skinny gay director makes a cliff-falling romance about a chubby white girl, creating an obscure transgressive hit, then reinvents it as the king-of-the-70s horror masterman as the best-good movie of the summer, winning *Mt. St. Helens* Night Fever, John Travolta, as a big name in a fit act.

But *Hairspray* has its roots in an earlier showbiz phenomenon—a teen-dance program on a Baltimore TV station called *The Buddy Deane Show*. Allocated to producer (Rob Clark's *American Bandstand*), it was the inspiration for *The Greasy Gals Show* in Waters's original novel. Deane's after-school show, a rock 'n' roll mess for big hair and bubbly socks, now shows a day, six days a week, from 1957 to 1964, becoming the highest rated local TV program in America. Kids loved using themselves as television. And teen-dance ideas were the adolescent new growth of an idea that originated with *Grease*. And *The Mickey Mouse Club*—and found its epitome with *American Idol*.

The precise blend of *Hairspray*'s place—the prohibition against white kids and black kids dancing together on TV—was based on a real

life controversy that ended Deane's Baltimore show. Even though schools and swim pools were segregated in the early '60s, mixed-race intimacy on the dance floor was too much for some parents to bear. The idea of segregated "Negro Day"—when the show's dance floor would be devoted to black—was a wild racialist invention by Waters, actually missed. Still, you have to wonder what bag goes to the reality of '60s pop culture when it's twisted into an '80s cult film, it rages around for Broadway, then retrenched as a deluxe Hollywood confection.

It's not unlike the proliferation of so-called neighborhood. Everything becomes a reflection of a place, like *Boyz n the City*, which was shot in Baltimore. The *Greasy Gals Show* has black-birds in it, and the director wants that's exactly what the set of the Buddy Deane show looked like. In the new *Hairspray*, filmed on a Baltimore soundstage, Correy's act is a lush romp episode of pink and blue pinks, suggesting the art director's grandeur of a network show. But because the new film is based on a musical, he's used reality as a resource. Besides, the set has to accommodate choreography that wouldn't even fit on the stage of the original movie.

Thus there's the idea: *Larry Doby* (Denzel Washington) comes to Baltimore—Waters's

soundtrack used lots of the era, from *Daily of Earl* to *Mashed Potato Time*. The new *Hairspray* was "musical" music, put on *Orchestra* supplied Motown with show tunes. Directed and choreographed by Adam Shankman (*The Wedding Planner*), the new *Hairspray* group also has some of the original's raucous rough edges and campy depressions.

The real upgrade is in the casting. The *Cinderella* role of Tracy Turnblad has long gone to a newswoman, and 18-year-old Niles McMillan out-dances, out-acts, and out-charms the original's Ricki Lake. (Curiously, the new Tracy is a brunette with a blond fringe, rather than vice versa.) As her phobic mother, Trivia maintains the role's transgressive tradition, but unlike Deane, who looked like a truck driver in drag, Trivia's almost perfect for a woman, thanks to the magic of Hollywood. Playing her husband, Christopher Walken comes of civil-grown roots—replacing Jerry Stiller, who like a role vacated by the late Stanley Tucci. Quvenzine McElroy assumes the mantle of Motown's first Mykelti and to the music born. And Michelle Pfeiffer, a vast improvement on Debbie Harry, expeditious with character of Wilma Van Tassel.

The new *Hairspray* is bigger, bolder, less ironic and more inspirational. At a showbiz table of race, class and body image, it's a cross between *Dreamgirls* and *Little Miss Sunshine*. The one thing from the original that might be missed is bad race. And that's not harder to take than the '60s. ■



WE'RE STALKING JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE

A crowd of adoring teens in *GetBack* along, Timberlake, who is just two months from the *Backstreet* single. After being harassed by the girls in a restaurant and later outside his hotel, Timberlake, according to witnesses, fought back, and reportedly broke a bottle on their faces. "First a lot of pimp-pom-pom came raining down," says one witness. "Then came a plastic bottle of water. After that, there were strawberries. Then came the phlegm."



"YOU CAN TASTE the difference," says one Montreal chef, "in the fat of the meat, which is salty, but also has a kind of tanginess"

Sea how good this lamb tastes?

Montreal's hottest restaurants are raving about lamb fed on a diet of Gaspé seaweed

BY PAMELA CUTHBERT • You could call it "sea air." Quebec's latest twist on "terracotta" smacks the belly groans of the St. Lawrence with the province's recently rediscovered lamb. On the remote peninsula of the Gaspé, also operative of five sheep farmers has formed to produce seaweed-fed meat. And in spite of small quantities and a price means price, which is the area and Montreal's hottest restaurants are gobbling it up. "The liver is something special to taste," says Quebec's renowned food journalist Françoise Keller.

Over the ages, salty diets have made for superlative lamb. Not to be confused with the traditional lamb "pet and/or" meadow, which grows along the saline grasses lining the shores of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay, seaweed-fed lamb is a delicacy on the remote shores of the Gaspé and Sherbrooke Islands. "In North America, I believe we are the first," says sheep farmer Marc LeBlanc, who first mounted the carefully formed co-operative called L'Agne de la Gaspé normi normi.

Since 1996 edition of *Time* magazine about America's search for the best, raises questions about a possibly lost tradition. The article mentions visitors being "lured" by newspaper and magazine ads plugging everything from Quebec's fully seaweed-fed lamb to porkens in Alaska and Hudson Bay. "This comes across to L'Agne and to L'Agne, who retired after 40 years with *La Presse*. "This is a real surprise," she says.

It was the combination of a surplus of seaweed and a lack of market for Gaspé lamb that sparked the initiative in 2001. Finding it difficult to compete with cheaper sources, especially New Zealand, LeBlanc recalls, "I was going to stop. We needed something new." He and his fellow farmers were approached

by fishermen with the challenge to make use of seaweed that animals don't eat. How would sheep take to eating algae? CÉPQ (Centre d'expertise en production ovine du Québec), government-funded agency, stepped forward with bedding and facilities. Agromont, (Montreal) recalls seeing some of the hundreds of local varieties of seaweed "to see if the lamb liked the algae and which kind they would prefer." One stood out—a type of the common fucus species. By June of last year, the co-op was ready for market.

Because of the Gaspé's long winters and harsh climate, the animals are housed indoors, allowing for a year-round season. The process begins with one of a particular breed, the traditional Canadian Arden. The lambs are grown fed for 75 days, then spend weeks locally grown grass supplemented with protein and a lot of molasses to sweeten the pet—and so-and-so into the best of the best pieces of seaweed. At around 75 days, or 80kg, they are ready for slaughter.

Carl Rader, top chef at Les Caves du Terroir, places weekly orders. He has a single prerequisite that allows the three to come through, such as a grilled sandwich made with a slow-braised meat, sliced thin and garnished with gruyère Dijon mustard and fresh, peppery anjou. "This meat is very subtle," he enthuses. "You can taste the difference in

the fat of the meat, which is salty, but also has a kind of tanginess." At \$42 a kilo as opposed to good, local lamb at \$25 per kilo, Rader uses it sparingly.

Natanson L'apine of Toque! in Montreal uses the seaweed-fed lamb occasionally. "These people are very serious to make something consistent, something good." Why of the authenticity of supplies now feeding the need for course du terroir, the chef relies on close, direct relationships with local producers. "I don't buy an animal just for the label." The producer's supply of lamb has recently been made by a private producer that, under scrutiny, low availability, he reports.

Without a system of designation in Canada as there is in France, goods are dishonestly and up-and-up the "lamb from the island" and possibly diluting the specialty meat market. As the other half of the market, following the lead of the French, the Gaspé lamb has fallen into the general category. Myla Rader's family has been raising sheep there since 1934. The animals graze in the bush on the narrow island and not on the coast, explains Rader, though "there's a certain amount of salt in the wind." Hastings House, says chef Nick Tebbel, who buys from Rader's family, "We just call it Gaspé lamb, which seems to be well-received." Indeed, as Rader reports with pride, "This is what they always go to the Quebec where comes to Victoria." When the next Gaspé, perhaps it'll be a little bit to try the seaweed of difference. ■



TODAY'S SPECIAL... FLAVOURED COCAINE

Pelle in the California county of Yuba recently seized 1.4 kg of white-crystalline cocaine flavoured with coconut and strawberry flavours, vanilla and even chocolate. Flavourings have also been reported. A spokesman said that the flavoured cocaine is becoming popular because users complain that the drug has a disagreeable medicinal taste. But this value-added product comes at a premium—flavoured cocaine is 10 per cent more expensive.

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A CELINE DION hit, originally written as an Air Canada advertising jingle, will now be used to rally supporters of Hillary Clinton.

You and I: Clinton, Dion in 2008!

If a theme song is tricky for a politician, it can be downright hazardous for the artist

BY JAMIE J. WEINMAN • Hillary Clinton's campaign for president of the United States has already posed one thing about democracy: semi-accidental or dangerous. So after Clinton sponsored an online contest to let the people pick her campaign theme song, will they choose Celine Dion's 2004 hit *You and I* ("You will be that you're singing")?

A song without as much of Canada's adoring high-school political theme song: music is only supporters, raise money, and annoy anyone who doesn't support the candidate. Politicians have chosen campaign songs (Gavin Cleveland) and his running mate Adlai Stevenson had *Hallelujah* (Hallelujah for Cleveland and Steve), but today, no one is willing to pay a songwriter to find a theme for "Clinton" or "Gibson" when they can just pick a catchy, familiar tune. President Bill Clinton understood this in 1992 when he famously picked *Firewood Mac's* *Dont Stop* people who liked the song would associate in their minds with the Democratic candidate. And those who didn't like *Firewood Mac* were probably Republicans.

Do campaign theme songs really help a political candidate? Jeffrey Henderson, a political blogger, argues that they are outweighed by seemingly less important things like the lyrics. "George W. Bush's choice of Bobby McFerrin's *Don't Worry, Be Happy* in 1980 was ironic," Henderson wrote in an essay at *Journalism Online* website on Oct. 10, 2007. "The Democratic opponent, Mike Dukakis, picked Neil Diamond's *American*, a more fitting song for a presidential run, and he badly misread it."

It's true, as Henderson says, that a theme song doesn't affect how people vote, some see who likes Clinton but dislikes Celine

Dion will still vote for Clinton. But a theme song can attract publicity. Clinton's campaign, and the *Sopranos*-style ad in which she and Bill Clinton announced the victory of *You and I*, became a media event, knocking her rival Barack Obama out of the headlines.

And while theme songs don't lose elections, a wrong choice can expose the candidate to a very real kind of publicity. In 1992, independent candidate Ross Perot provided a target for punchline for comedians everywhere when he walked onstage to the *Henry Clay* song *Clay*. "The show was a deliberate parody of Perot's image. That is just proof that no candidate should pick a song that reinforces his negative image, even in fun."

If a theme song is tricky for a politician, it can be hazardous for the artist. A theme song associated with a candidate, it might lose its appeal with the candidate's supporters. That's why a representative for Celine Dion told Maclean's that the singer is "not involved politically" with her campaign, adding that "her son always wanted to hear her music on an official occasion, like a wedding, and she's flattered that the first song for her and I for this occasion." Dion wants to know that she's happy, but it's not her own way.

But at least Dion doesn't actually object to hearing her song at Clinton rallies, where these wined country songwriters to top their

work from being used by politicians they don't like. Bruce Springsteen pushed back against Ronald Reagan's transformation of *Rain in the USA*, an angry song about the plight of Americans, into a rallying Republican anthem. When George W. Bush's 2004 re-election campaign tried to use *Billie Jean* by the group Orleans, one of the group's founders didn't like it. John Hall is not only a Democrat, he was elected to Congress last year. "As a promoter of an 'ownership society,'" Hall complained, "the issue of intellectual property rights is something the President should respect."

Other musicians go into the spirit of the campaign theme song. Frank Sinatra was a supporter of John F. Kennedy and his band High-Highers recorded a tribute to JFK, while Irving Berlin wrote *They Like Me*, a 1950 song about the Republicans' attempt to recruit Dwight D. Eisenhower. And *I Like Him, Sir* is a 1950s rock and roll song.

Some artists are enthusiastic about mixing music and party politics. A writer at *Dawn With Tyranny*, a blog run by music-industry executive Monica Kroll, lamented that "no pop types take serious step and soul and politics." But the writer acknowledged that Clinton's choice of song was logical. Dion, the Clinton, has been accused of being "mechanical and bereft of true feeling." If they do nothing else, campaign theme songs can demonstrate that politicians and entertainers aren't that different after all. ■

KELLY CLARKSON HAS SOMETHING TO SAY

I hope one ring you give to me / I hope her finger rings / I hope when you're in bed with her / I see this of me / I want a ring with her things / but I don't want you with / Could you tell / by the flames that burned your words / I never read your letter / I never knew what you'd say / Give me that Sunday school answer / Try and make it all okay—Never Again by Kelly Clarkson on My December





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books



THE FIRST COMRADE Cooper's Hawk-eye defined the American hero in fiction, but his loyalty was to King and crown.

Losing The Last of the Mohicans

Hawk-eye, that icon of American fiction, is back. Turns out, he's one of ours at heart.

BY PETER BROWN TATLER • The Last of the Mohicans is still the first world in rip-roaring frontier adventure. James Fenimore Cooper's famous novel, starting with caggy woodsman Hawk-eye, remains an iconic work of both popular culture and literary history. In this publication is considered the birth of a distinct American literature, and Hawk-eye is widely seen as the template for Hollywood's entire frontier-mission-the cowboy.

Yet Cooper was not writing about American life, but rather North America. Hawk-eye's loyalty was to King and crown, not a republic. It can be argued, in fact, that Hawk-eye and his literary adventures looking as much to Canada as America. It wouldn't be the first time a writer's work has been stolen by the Eskimos.

Cooper's stories have never gone out of style or print. This summer, Marvel Comics re-released its old "Classic Comics" format, with The Last of the Mohicans leading off the series. Ray Thomas, the South Carolina-based writer of the title, says it was a natural choice: "It's a moving adventure tale, but it's also got a complex story people can appreciate. There's betrayal, obsession and all the human emotions." Though academics often consider Cooper second-rate compared to such titans as Herman Melville and Nathaniel Hawthorne, his place on U.S. university syllabuses is assured, if only because he was America's first full-time novelist.

Between 1820 and 1830 there were 100 novels published in America. Cooper wrote 30 of them, and six were bestsellers. In Wayne Franklin, author of a new biography, James Fenimore Cooper: The Early Years. But the five books in the Leatherstocking Tales, all featuring Hawk-eye, have also come

to define the American hero. "Cooper invented the wilderness adventure, which became the western novel and the Hollywood cowboy," says Franklin. "He created the literary agenda for our entire country." As a self-made, self-reliant character who grows up in the woods with his native friend Chingachgook as a companion, Hawk-eye is a vision of American identity. Cooper was even the first to have his hero ride off into the sunset at the end of a story.

And yet Cooper chose to put this hero in a time and place where American identity is doubly confused. Most of the Leatherstocking Tales take place in the colonial period, when Britain was fighting France for control of North America. Much of the action is set along the border with Canada—on Lake Ontario, the Thousand Islands and along the Quebec-New York border. Hawk-eye is a scout for the British army and a loyal subject of the crown. At one point he says the British king is "always right." "Cooper creates a British colonial story of North America without any mention of the revolution," says Franklin. These uneasy loyalties may reflect the author's own internal conflicts: "Cooper saw the revolution as a civil war," Franklin explains. While his father, the famed Cooperstown, N.Y. (now home to baseball's Hall of Fame), his father-in-law was an officer in the British army.

Thomas says his comic series will retain Cooper's true intentions: "Hawk-eye is a loyal British subject in the book and that's how I am writing him." As such, they'll be far more authentic than the 1993 movie starring Dan Aykroyd, whose hairy, shirtless version of Hawk-eye was a pre-revolutionary figure living under a British yoke.

If Hawk-eye is a loyalist, it follows that Canada should have an equal claim on him as a literary figure. Bryce Traister, an English professor at the University of Western Ontario, says Hawk-eye can be seen to represent an "early Canadian," pre-Confederation identity. The border locale, his attitude toward the crown and his relationship with the wilderness and native mark him as distinctly Canadian in many respects.

It wouldn't be the first time Canada has suffered a literary theft. Tatler has also researched St. Jean de Calécut, an 18th-century writer whose letters about farming in New York are seen as the beginnings of American non-fiction. But Calécut's story likely fought for the French empire during the Seven Years' War, and during the revolution was driven off his farm for being sympathetic to the British. His advocacy of peace, order and good government, Traister adds, is far more relevant to Canada than the American cry of bloody anarchy.

As Canada looks for moving only to become a homegrown action hero, it may be because we've been robbed. ■



FINALLY, A BOOK ABOUT... STORMS AND POLITICS
In Storm World (Harcourt), science writer Chris Mooney tackles the hot debate over whether global warming will disrupt hurricanes in general, even if it can't predict the birth or behavior of any single one. The debate is urgent—among other matters, it pertains directly to what protection around New Orleans should have—and so, of course, it's possible, Mooney argues, that human activity is making the deadliest storms on earth more deadly.

DONALD PAUL LESLIE

1937-2017

Escape artist, master fire-eater, he was a sideshow legend. But sword swallowing was his passion.

Donald Paul Leslie was born the day after Christmas, 1917, at the city hospital in Gibbsburg, Miss. He was the oldest of five, born to Stuart, an electrician originally from New Orleans, and Ruth, a street vendor's wife from New Orleans. He had a sister and two brothers. He was broken by Stuart's alcoholism, and Don left at 14, finding a way to make his own money. "Some people used to join the circus, and get homesick within 40 miles," says Mr. G, a Texas artist and close friend. "They were called 'no miles,' and wouldn't stick with it." Not Don. "Whenever he needed elephant skin, he knew he was home," says Elizabeth, another circus artist and friend of 25 years.

It was the early 1930s, and traveling circuses were still using a mix of the U.S. by rail and wagon, moving thousands at a time to "tag right up" and various daredevil-defying stunts, including elephants and bearded ladies. Don joined the King Brothers Circus, where he ran the pony side. But his eye was on the theater side, and during his breaks he would watch the sword swallower, Carl Lind, also a master fire-eater. Noting Don's ambition, the Argentine offered to teach him, on one condition: he had to send him pictures of a telegram, telling them he was alive. Don agreed.

Lind, it turned out, was a better fire-eater than sword swallower. "Carl's taught me the way to swallow swords," says Madame Churchill, a California tattoo artist and close friend, currently working on Don's biography. He told him to choke and gag, for effect. "He would have died if he kept swallowing that way." Fortunately, Harry Doll, of the famous family of performing daredevils (best known for playing Murchison in *The Wizard of Oz*), stepped in. Doll, who trained him "Cape Don," kept the technique was dangerously wrong, and set him up with renowned swordswoman Alan Lang. He taught the circus hand to gently slide the cold blade behind his voice box, between the lungs, past the heart and liver, and down into the pit of his stomach.

Cape Don began his professional career as to with the Christian Brothers Circus, billing himself as a fire-eater. They toured from Maine to Florida and back, with Don occasionally sharing a table with elephants at dinner a restaurant full of horses. He was scooped from head to toe, and became the long of the movie stars, wearing 10 to 15 showstopper—costuming him circus attire, long

on beds of nails, and performing the human pin cushion. "It was how far on straight?" Cape Don would say, a duck and a duck through a fold of skin on his back.

In 1961, Don married Shirley, a non-performer he met while working at Key West, Fla. They had two sons, Don and Darrell. But life on the circus took a toll on Cape Don's family, says Madame Churchill. The couple divorced after four years. By the late 1960s, Cape Don

was traveling less and began his 10-year relationship with Joanne, a Boston housewife. They didn't marry, but had two children, Stephanie, now a nurse in Quincy, Mass., and David, a Boston truck driver. "David got in the way," says Joanne, explaining the reason for his parents' eventual split.

During his years with the circus, Cape Don served three years in a federal penitentiary for robbery, the result of a failed attempt at safe-cracking while wandering in Florida. In prison, Cape Don learned music theory. "If they hadn't pushed him early for good behavior, he would have been a ball of a guitar player, too," says lifelong friend Lyle Tarkenton, another circus artist, who played the Detroit 1970 cover of *Railroad Blues*.

David says the man behind the showman came to life in 1980, after Cape Don conquered the alcoholism that plagued him for 30 years. "That's when I got to know my dad," the beer went out to people who were fighting addictions or were down and out, David says, because of his own struggles. Cape Don became the "Paul Tiger of the indigent," says Tarkenton, making time for "every lame body in the world." He wrote poems about the glory days of the big top, and he read widely. But sword swallowing remained his passion. In 1981, he simultaneously swallowed five 30-inch blades—a world record. He almost died in 1989, performing his five sword swallowers in Seattle. As he pulled the sword from his throat, they slipped, tearing his esophagus. After four decades, the Cape Don's sword swallowing was a time a disaster, he told an interviewer five years ago. "But sword swallowing is hard to find. There have never been more than a couple dozen of them in my given time over the past 300 years."

So months ago, Cape Don, along with the last of the big top sword swallowers, was diagnosed with throat cancer. He died at home in Chico, Calif., on June 4, 2017.

BY NANCY MACDONALD

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